MACLEAN S

MARCH 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

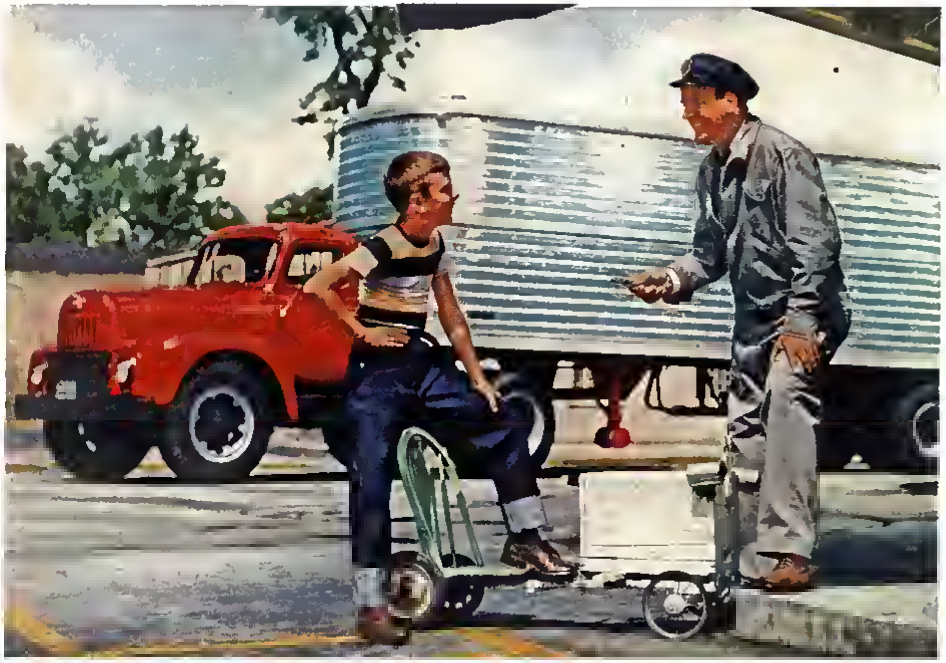
Would You Live Better in the U.S.?

ARE THE SCHOOLS RUINING YOUR CHILD?

They Sometimes Murder But Never Steal



Control Tower
EDMONTON AIRPORT



"Thanks, mister–thanks a lot"

Boy: Say, you fixed my steering gear good, mister! You guys can fix anything, can't you?

Truck Driver: "Nope. Even the best of us professional drivers can't fix kids like you if they get hurt."

Boy: "What d'ya mean, mister—who's gonna get hurt?"

Truck Driver: "Nobody—if they're careful. That's one reason you want to keep your rig in top shape all the time—so you won't have an accident. See that big truck of mine over there?"

Boy: "Wow, that's a big one all right!"

Truck Driver: "Sure is. And where I work the mechanics go over every inch of it before I take it out on the road. Keep it just as safe and sound as the day it was new."

Boy: "Then you take over, huh? Boy, I'll bet you're a good driver."

Truck Driver: "You mean a safe driver, sonny—in our business they're the same thing. You know why the best drivers alive are safe drivers?"

Boy: "No. Why?"

Truck Driver: "Because the careless drivers don't last long. Here—your wagon's all set to roll. Just remember to be a safe driver—and I won't charge you anything for the overhaul job! Is it a deal?"

Boy: "Sure thing. I'll be careful, mister. And thanks—thanks a lot!"

. . .

The truck driving fraternity has a safety record they can well be proud of. Every day, every night, the truck drivers of Canada continue to promote safety and courtesy on the highway. They continue to prove that—

SAFETY IS NO ACCIDENT

For our part, we'll continue to help them raise highway safety standards by building Internationals that are more maneuverable, easier to control, safer in every way.

International Harvester Red Ds McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors · Motor Trucks · Industrial Power · Refrigerators and Freezers

International Harvester Company of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

This message is published in support of the safety and courtesy efforts of the Canadian motor transport industry

International Trucks are made in Canada at International Harvester's Chatham Works, Chatham, Ontario

INTERNATIONAL (INTERNATIONAL) **TRUCKS**

"Standard of the Highway"



Tom Gard's Note Book

The gardener need never be at a loss for tasks during the winter season. A few days ago, for example, I was visiting a friend who had just constructed a reel for his garden hose. It will be very handy next summer, while now it's a fine storage rack for the hose through the winter. His idea is worth copying.

HAMPERS FOR CLOTHES

His wife was just as handy, in fact she had converted a bushel basket into a clothes basket by enamelling the outside white, and the inside lined with colourful chintz. This seemed to be the envy of her neighbours.

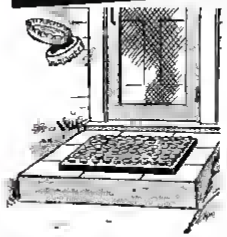
DOOR-MAT FROM BOTTLE TOPS

There was a youngster in the home, the kind that thoughtlessly ran in after school without wiping his feet. Dad soon corrected this by collecting bottle tops then in a few minutes he made a door-mat by nailing the tops in even rows on two pieces of pine joined with a pair of cleats. I noticed that the tops were nailed closely together.

ORANGE CRATES FOR SHELVES

This chap turned out to be quite an amateur craftsman, and he liked everything in order. He was very proud of two shelves he had constructed from orange crates, one to serve his purposes in the basement, and the second one, nicely finished, for the living room.

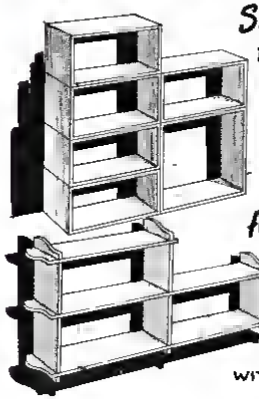
AROUND THE HOME



BOTTLE-TOP DOOR MAT

USE 1" PINE FASTENED WITH CLEATS. NAIL DOWN BOTTLE TOPS, ROUGH EDGES UP, TO COVER BOARD COMPLETELY.





SHELVES for the basement

ORANGE CRATES STACKED–FASTEN WITH SHORT NAILS. IF TO CARRY FAIR WEIGHT FASTEN TO WALL.

for the LIVING ROOM

ALL SURFACES MUST BE SMOOTH TO TAKE PAINT OR ENAMEL. JOINS MAY BE GIVEN TOUCH OF GOOD GLUE IN ADDITION TO NAILS. CONCEAL ALL NAIL HEADS WITH PUTTY OR PLASTIC WOOD.

HOSE REEL

FRAMEWORK OF 1½" SQUARE MATERIAL. REEL OF OLD BROOM HANDLES, THE CENTRAL ONE FASTENED TO THE UPRIGHTS WITH TWO BOLTS. SMALL WOODEN WHEELS MADE WITH A KEYHOLE-SAW. AXLE A HALF INCH ROD OF IRON.

Lots of fun and other interesting and helpful suggestions like these in the booklet "Around the Home Again". Write for your copy to Tom Gard c/o MOLSON'S BREWERY (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P.O. Box 490, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto.



CLOTHES HAMPER

FROM BUSHEL BASKET–LINED WITH CHINTZ OR CRETONNE–OUTSIDE PAINTED.



ONE OF A SERIES PRESENTED BY

Molson's

AS A PUBLIC SERVICE

EDITORIAL

RACE PREJUDICE AT RIDEAU HALL

THE ONE subject on which Canadians find it impossible to be calm and rational is their relation to the British Commonwealth. In our earliest days there were some Canadians to whom the words Empire and British were a distillation of everything that was noble in our past and hopeful in our future. There were other Canadians to whom the words were swear words. Between these schools of prejudice it would be flattery to call either a school of thought. There was no middle ground. You were either all out for Britain and the Empire or you were all out against it.

The same highly prejudiced and emotional attitudes are with us today. They have made it impossible for us to consider in the reasoned manner suitable to an adult nation such questions as whether we ought or ought not to have a Canadian flag and what sort of flag it might be, whether we ought or ought not to change the name of our chief national holiday, whether we ought to call our government the Dominion Government or the Government of Canada and whether we ought to erase the adjective royal from the exteriors of our mailboxes.

And now, in precisely the same spirit and in the same enduring faith that all things relating to our British connection must be either all black or all white, we have arrived at a new concept of the office of governor-general. We have concluded that to have a native of the British Isles as governor general (which was a very good thing last Tuesday) has now become a very bad thing and that to have a native of Canada as governor general (a bad thing last Monday) is now a very good thing.

So be it. The decision itself is not of huge consequence. It does not mean as those who support it maintain, that we have thrown off a degrading shackle. It does not mean, as those who oppose it maintain, that we have betrayed all the splendors of our heritage. All it means, when you get right down to it, is that an eminent and excellent governor general has been replaced by an eminent and logical successor.

But if the decision is scarcely worth arguing about, the manner of reaching it and the apparent philosophy behind it are well worth arguing. As has been our habit in all decisions concerning Canada and the Crown, we arrived at this one by consulting not our brains but our blood pressure. The blood pressure of the die-hard imperialist tells him that we are now heading for the dogs. The blood pressure of the ultra-nationalist tells him that we have narrowly escaped the dogs. The Government apparently in the well-founded fear that any frank airing of these points of view would have brought the nation to the verge of an apoplectic seizure, gave parliament no advance notice of its intentions and permitted no advance debate.

A check with common sense might have led both kinds of fire-eaters within the body politic to the relatively temperate conclusion that school will keep at Rideau Hall, and elsewhere in the nation -and just about as usual- regardless of any new "restricted" signs we choose to nail up on the front door. As for the Government, we wish we could feel its common sense has already informed it that housing restrictions based on racial considerations are just as indefensible in the nation's first residence as in its lowliest slum.

If the office of governor general is worth maintaining it surely should not be closed to anyone or opened to anyone through the accident of birth. We are to be congratulated on having disengaged ourselves from the foolish convention that only a native of the United Kingdom can be a good governor general, but we are to be pitied if we have substituted the equally foolish convention that anyone except a native of Canada must be a bad one.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen — Editor
John Clare — Managing Editor
Pierre Berton — Associate Editor
Blair Fraser — Ottawa Editor

Art Director Gene Aliman. Assistant Editors McKenzie Porter, N. O. Bedingfield, Leslie F. Hannon, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders, Fred Bodsworth, Barbara Moon. Editorial Assistants Jean Paulin, Jane Weatherseed, Joyce Tyrwhitt, Joan York.

Douglas M. Gowdy — Business Manager
Hall Linton — Advertising Manager
George Laughton — Circulation Director
U. Nagle Moore, Editorial Director, Maclean Hunter

CONTENTS

Vol. 65 MARCH 1 1952 No. 5

Cover: Painted By Franklin Arbuckle

Articles

WOULD YOU LIVE BETTER IN THE U.S.? Sidney Margolius 7
THE OTHER HERO OF THE ENTERPRISE. McKenzie Porter 10
ARE THE SCHOOLS RUINING YOUR CHILD? William F. Unna 12
A GARDEN IN YOUR MAILBOX Pierre Berton 14
WHAT THE WEST THINKS RUSSIA WILL DO Lionel Shapiro 16
THEY SOMETIMES MURDER BUT NEVER STEAL. Farley Mowat 18
WHEN CANADA WAS THE CRAZE A. Margaret Fleshbank, James Bagan 20
I GRIND HER THE SAP BUSTS! Douglas Duce 22
CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE Paul Stevens 41

Departments

EDITORIAL 2
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE 2
LETTER FROM JAMAICA Beverley Baxter 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA Blair Fraser 5
SHORTCUTS TO INSANITY Peter Whalley 28
MACLEAN'S MOVIES Conducted By Clyde Gilmour 35
MAILBAG 40
FARAGO 52

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Wide World (pages 4, 21) Peter Croydon 17 9 22 23 24) Tommy Jacques (7, 8, 9), Monroe Image (10, 11), Kamler Newspapers (18, 19, 21) A. P. (11) Telegram Grenville Wise (12) Ian Aitken (13) Ken Bell (14, 15, 20, 21) Farley Mowat (18, 19) F.A. (20) CNR (20) Herbert Nail (21) Capitol Press (21) Star 21 Tuesday (21)

Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary have no reference to living persons. Maclean's is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reproduced without written permission.

Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling manuscripts submitted but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

Printed and Published semi-monthly at Toronto by MACLEAN-HUNTER Publishing Company Limited 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

Founder: J. B. MACLEAN

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN
HUGH T. HUNTER, President
CHARLES J. CHRISTIN, Vice-President and General Manager
THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Secretary
ALLAN LAMPORT, Vice-President and Treasurer
J. C. FISHER, Vice-President, Publications Division
DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President, Publications Division
ERNEST J. TRESIDDER, Vice-President, Publications Division

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada, four years $4.00, two years $2.50, one year $1.50. Elsewhere, four years $8.00, two years $4.50, one year $2.50.

Contents Copyright 1952 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



MCKENZIE PORTER, one of our editors, had just flown to England to write a series of articles for Maclean's when the Flying Enterprise nudged the tug Turmoil sailed into the news and the hearts of the nation. Porter went down to Falmouth for us and met Captain Carlsen and First Officer Daniel when they landed. While the press pack cursed after Carlsen, Porter followed Daniel home to Hook Green where he got the story on page 10. Because the Daniel story arrived by airmail just as we were going to press we dropped the article about the chase for the killer **Bnekowski**, advertised in the last issue. It will appear soon.

James Dugan has gone to the ocean floor for his latest interest in a busy life. He has joined forces with **Commander Cousteau**, the underwater man, who is trying to persuade all of us to spend our leisure hours mooching around under the waves. They're writing a book together but Dugan took time out to throw a nostalgic glance backward at canasta (p. 20).

The article about **Farley Mowat** and his Eskimo friends on page 18 is taken from his book People of the Deer published by **Little Brown** and the **Atlantic Monthly Press** this month.

"I have one of the most unusual jobs in the world!"

"SUPPOSE that when you went to work tomorrow you knew that before the day was over you would help dozens of complete strangers with their most personal problems. This happens to me *every day!*

"Secretaries, businessmen, machinists, office workers — men and women from all walks of life come into my office. Each person has a different problem—but one I can help solve. That's what makes my job as a Household Finance branch manager one of the most unusual and interesting in the world.

"You see, my job is to make prompt cash loans to folks with all kinds of money problems. Some borrow to consolidate old bills or pay medical expenses. Others to buy fuel, pay for their education, or take advantage of a business opportunity that just won't wait. There are many good reasons for borrowing.

"And here's a fact that may surprise you! My job doesn't stop with simply making a loan. I also do my best to help every customer get the *most* out of his money. You see, from 73 years' experience, HFC has learned a great deal about how to manage money wisely. This information is available in a variety of practical, common-sense booklets that are used by thousands of families. These, of course, are *free* for the asking.

"I'm proud of the fact that I work for the *only* consumer finance organization that provides this complete service: dependable money, help plus sound advice on managing money. That's why today my company serves more people than any other in its field.

"Making prompt cash loans—on sensible terms—to people in every occupation—*is* an unusual job. I've seen how these loans help people to help themselves, so it is also a very satisfying one.

"Other HFC managers offer this same constructive money service in 131 branch offices of Household Finance throughout Canada."



A. D. MacLeod, manager of the Household Finance office at 805 First Street W. est, Calgary, Alberta

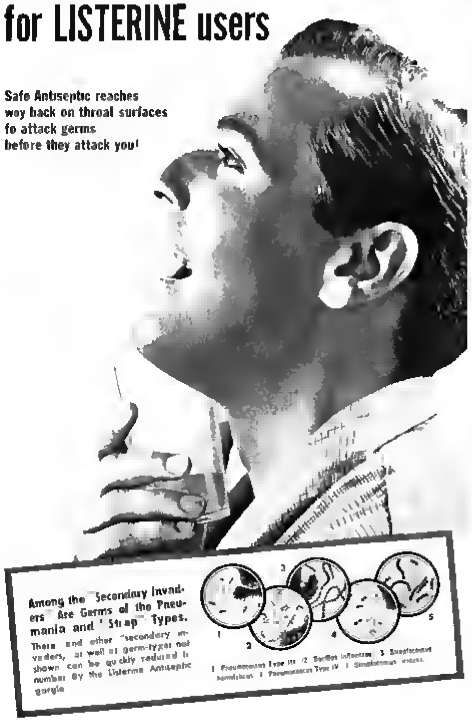
HOUSEHOLD FINANCE
Corporation of Canada

Backed by 73 years' experience — HFC — Phone book lists office nearest you

TESTS OVER A 12-YEAR PERIOD SHOWED

FEWER COLDS...SORE THROATS for LISTERINE users

Safe Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to attack germs before they attack you!



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle

1 Pneumococcus Type III 2 Bacillus influenzae 3 Staphylococcus hemolyticus 4 Pneumococcus Type IV 5 Streptococcus viridans

WHENEVER you do gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or tight throat due to a cold

This delightful medication may spare you a miserable siege of discomfort. Moreover if Listerine Antiseptic is used regularly it can often help head off a cold and accompanying sore throat or lessen their severity

Fewer Colds for Garglers in Tests

Don't forget research made over a 12 year period at big industrial plants showed that

Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non users

You see Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on the throat surfaces. Among them are secondary invaders which can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body en masse

Listerine Antiseptic helps halt their invasion, guard against infection

Surface Germs Reduced

Tests showed that often fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%. Even 3 hours afterward these bacteria were reduced as much as 80%. That's fighting germ infection the way it should be fought

Again we repeat, whatever else you do, at the first sign of trouble gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Ltd.

At the first symptom of a cold . . .
Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

See The SAMMY KAYE SHOW ■ So you want to lead a Band ■ CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

Made in Canada



The new MacArthur with Lowell Thomas. He's not finished, Baxter says.

SEVENTY MINUTES WITH MacARTHUR

THERE is a high wind in Jamaica at the moment and the sea is angry about it. The natives, too, look at each other and their voices are low. I am writing this on the veranda of Lord Beaverbrook's house at Montego Bay and the leafy branches of his tall royal palms are all straining in one direction. When the Storm King is loose he recognizes no other potentate, not even a newspaper proprietor.

Now that I think of it I seem to have had a rather stormy time on this pilgrimage to the New World. The Queen Mary took eight days to get across the Atlantic. Toronto was almost obliterated by a snowstorm around the New Year (nothing astonishes one Lady of the Snows like snow) and now Jamaica is kicking up high junks.

But before I hit New York I spent seventy minutes with a man who has been riding storms all his life and even now at seventy-two is ready to leave harbor no matter how fierce the gale.

It would be poor flattery to pretend that General Douglas MacArthur in civilian clothes gives the immediate impression of an all-conquering Caesar. We have become so used in the newspapers to that jaunty cap on the side of his head and the open neck of his tunic that it was a little startling to find a man who might well be the president of a sound and rather conservative financial house.

Perhaps I should explain that in America a five-star general (corresponding to a field marshal in the British Army) never retires and is never retired. He may be relieved of his command, as in the case of MacArthur, but he remains in the army. Thus General MacArthur is ensconced in offices in New York appropriately near the Battery where he maintains a staff of officers. It was here that he received me.

I have described the impression one first receives on meeting this extraordinary man but soon his hawklike nose, tapering to a point, challenges one's attention. Wellington had just such a beak and the Caesars specialized in them. But the nose is not the only pointer to Douglas MacArthur's personality. When a train of thought starts in his mind his eyes begin to twinkle. It is not that the subject is humorous or even sardonic but the twinkle emphasizes the zest with which he pursues a thought. He is of course a great talker, one of the world's great talkers. When he gets going the twinkle deprts and he stares into space as words are launched on the startled air. He frees all touch with his audience, in my case an audience of one, until his first objective is carried. Then he comes out of the mists and takes a good look to see if you are still there. Assured of that fact he takes off again and the campaign of words is in full flow.

This is the most literate military mind I have ever encountered. His powers of exposition are lit by an extraordinary clarity. An adolescent mind could follow him and an adult mind would be deeply impressed. No wonder his forces believed in him like a legend. If he gazed into space with that cold smile and finally announced, "And then, gentlemen, is how we shall invade the moon tonight," you would feel that the task could be done and would be done.

Somewhere in his address to me he got on the subject of generals. Napoleon? Oh, he was the greatest of them all, not a good administrator, which he proved after becoming the government of France, but as a soldier he never stopped learning and therefore never stopped teaching. Those two remarkable British generals, Wellington (whom MacArthur spoke of as Wellesley) and Marlborough (Churchill's ancestor) were hard to compare. Marlborough won every battle but then he did not have Napoleon against him. Wellington had to come from behind and he *did* have Napoleon against him.

Now take *Continued on page 36*

The Statue That Came To Life

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

IF VISCOUNT Alexander of Tunis had been able to stay to the end of his recently extended term he'd have been the same kind of champion among governors-general that Mackenzie King was among prime ministers.

Even now he has only two competitors ahead of him in elapsed time. Lord Dufferin (1872-78) and Lord Grey (1904-11). Lord Alexander would have passed the all-time record set by Lord Grey by Sept. 18 of this year—six years, five months, twenty-six days.

Already, though, he's a long-distance champion of sorts. Since four of his six years in office have had two parliamentary sessions, Lord Alexander has opened parliament more often than anybody else since Confederation.

That's the only superlative about the present Governor-General that statistics will prove. It's not provable but it's probable that he is the most popular we've ever had.

This in spite of the fact that he started under a considerable disadvantage. The sentiment for a Canadian governor-general, which has prevailed in the choice of Vincent Massey, was already fairly strong and vocal in 1945 and 1946. Quite a few people in the government service and in parliament were resentful of the appointment of another Briton however distinguished. Those who weren't resentful were apathetic.

Alexander's fame as the outstanding soldier of World War II was not so widespread in 1946. For one civilian who'd heard of Alexander hundreds had heard of his subordinate Montgomery.

Not long after he came to Canada he became, like previous governors-general, an honorary fellow of the Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons. In gown and mortarboard Alexander sat on a platform at the Chateau Laurier while a prominent Canadian doctor rose to say:

"Gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you, in order that he may be inducted as honorary fellow of our college, that great soldier, the victor of North Africa, the victor of Sicily, the victor of Italy, His Excellency the Viscount MONTGOMERY."

There was a moment of silence, then the company burst into howls of laughter. Alexander did not smile. He raised his mortarboard, waited for silence, acknowledged the introduction without any reference to the mistake. Later, while the doctors were changing for their dinner meeting, he took time to write a note to the luckless introducer.

"Think nothing of it. It happens all the time."

Stories like that get around. Alexander made the wittiest speeches at the annual press gallery dinners, showing great skill in tossing good-natured political barbs without actually violating the rule that a governor-general may have no politics. Alexander would turn up of a Sunday on the slopes with the Ottawa Ski Club (one of their newer hills is named after him) and en route would help push motorists out of snowbanks. He took to square dancing with great enthusiasm. Last summer he defied the massed phalanx of protocol experts on both sides of the Atlantic and insisted on giving Princess *Continued on page 46*



Cartoon by Gamlick



Royal Roads and Royal Military College

CANADA'S OUTSTANDING MILITARY COLLEGES PRODUCE FIRST RATE LEADERS

Never in Canada's history have greater opportunities for training in leadership in military or civilian life been available to her young men. The Canadian Services Colleges provide an opportunity to obtain a first years' course in arts, or in arts and engineering, and at the same time qualify for commissions in the active or reserve forces of Canada. Young men are prepared physically, mentally and morally for leadership in Canada's forces or civilian life.

FEES

$480 in the first year and $330 in subsequent years (both amounts include tuition, text books, uniforms, board and room).

EARNING OPPORTUNITY

with opportunity to earn $600 or more in Service training camps each summer, and board, lodging, and uniform provided.

SCHOLARSHIPS

More than fifty scholarships of $400 are awarded annually to successful applicants. Travelling expenses to a value of $25 are paid for the journey from and to a cadet's home in each calendar year.

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

Candidates must have junior Senior Matriculation (or equivalent standing in English, physics, mathematics, trigonometry and chemistry) and one of French or a language and have reached their 16th but not their 20th birthday on the first of January preceding entrance.

For full information, brochures and calendars write to:

The Registrar,
Dept. 81
Royal Roads,
Victoria, B.C.

The Registrar,
Dept. 82
Royal Military College
Kingston, Ont.

THE CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGES



Furniture pieces shown are: Peter Schuyler Powder Table, $139.50; Vanity Bench, $17.50; Chest, $125.00; Box Drawer Mirror, $29.50; Tub Chair, $82.50; Lamp and Pull Table Combination, $42.50.

Prices on upholstered pieces vary according to linen up selected. Price 10% higher in Western Canada.

IMPERIAL LOYALIST

The elegance you desire . . .

within the budget you've planned

Picture these handsome IMPERIAL Loyalist pieces adding the warmth and graciousness of a new created past to your home. Here is the luxury of elegant furniture, engineered in wood and glowing almost indestructibly with Imperial's new Everdur finish. Here is truly furniture to treasure . . . furniture you needn't wait for because IMPERIAL Loyalist is "open stock".

You can buy as many . . . or as few . . . of these pieces as you wish today . . . with the assurance that months (even years) hence, you match them in style and colour with added pieces. Here is your best solution to furniture budget limitations.

Fine furniture dealers everywhere in Canada display IMPERIAL Loyalist with special pride. See your nearest dealer now and choose from more than 100 pieces, available in Loyalist Maple or Loyalist Acorn.





The Bedroom Group Pieces shown are: Two Dressers, $165.00; Bed, $69.50; Night Table, $32.50; Bed Lamp, $14.50; Mirror, $42.50.

Prices 10% higher in Western Canada.

IMPERIAL FURNITURE MFG CO LIMITED
STRATFORD - - ONTARIO

†Trade Marks Registered

Makers of IMPERIAL LOYALIST IMPERIAL *contemporary and* IMPERIAL RATTAN



HAMILTON, ONT.: The Biebers have just bought son Jerry a bike



TRENTON, N.J.: The Bigamis have acquired a shiny 1950 Buick

WOULD YOU LIVE BETTER IN THE U.S.?

New inflation and a war economy have hit Canada and the United States since Maclean's last compared costs of living in the two countries. This new study shows prices still higher in the U.S., but so are living standards

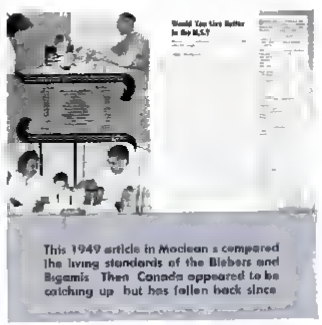
By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

IN 1949 a survey I made for Maclean's showed that living costs in Canada were eight percent lower than in the United States, but because of higher wages the standard of living was a little better in the U.S. At the time it looked as though the Canadians were closing the gap in the standard of living with the help of rising wages and more stable prices.

But since then the Korean war and rearmament have unloosed new inflation in both countries. The U.S. has reverted to partial price controls. Canada hasn't, and now many Canadians are convinced it costs more to live here than across the border, leaving wages out of it altogether.

To find out how standards of living compared now I went back last mid-December to the two families, the Bigamis of Trenton, N.J., and the Biebers of Hamilton, Ont., with whom I had made my detailed survey in 1949. I had selected them in the first place because both men were steel workers doing similar jobs in industrial cities of comparable size. Each family included one child. Both were frank and helpful, giving me access to the contents of everything from their grocery lists to their wallets. In addition I went shopping in food and clothing stores in both cities. I checked on doctors' fees, rents and fuel prices and many other items. Here's what I found:

1. The cost of living *has* gone up noticeably more in Canada than in the U.S. during the past two and a half years, but it's still a little lower here. In June 1949 I found the total bill for a family's basic goods and services was eight percent less in Hamilton than in Trenton. Now it's six percent less. That it's at all lower will be hard for many Canadians to believe, shocked as they are by the dollar fee for a pound of steak or wistfully aware that a refrigerator tagged $400 here is only $275 in the States. But the important staples of bread, milk, eggs, even meat, are still less costly in Canada and so is rent. Even if you include a car, which is cheaper to operate in the States, the cost of living here is still five percent lower than in the U.S. That's in spite of the fact that Canada's cost of living has gone up further and faster. It's now up ninety percent since 1939, according to the Bureau of Statistics, while the U.S. index is up eighty-eight percent, and, since Maclean's compared prices in 1949, the official indices have risen nineteen percent in Canada and 12.5 in the States. (Incidentally, I haven't included cigarettes in the cost-of-living comparisons.)



This 1949 article in Maclean's compared the living standards of the Biebers and Bigamis. Then Canada appeared to be catching up, but has fallen back since

2. But while living still costs a shade less in Canada, the gap in the standard of living, in spite of the indications in 1949, between the two countries has widened. In 1949 this reporter found an average American wage earner had a living standard ten percent above the Canadian average. Since then prices here have shot up faster and wages have increased more slowly. Currently the average Canadian industrial worker earns $50.25 a week. That's twenty-three percent less than the $65.25 his opposite number in the States earns. The Canadian pays less income tax in dollars, but a typical Canadian wage earner takes home about twenty percent less real cash. So his standard of living currently is running about fourteen percent below that of a workingman across the line, after allowing for the differential in prices.

3. The post-Korean jump in food prices has been especially drastic in Canada. A week's market basket of food for a family of three now costs $20.26 in Hamilton and $22.36 in Trenton, compared with the 1949 bills of $15.66 and $18.04 respectively. That's a hike of twenty-nine percent in the Hamilton bill compared with twenty-four percent in Trenton. The largest rises have been in meats (up twenty-eight percent in Hamilton and twenty-seven in Trenton) and fruits and vegetables (up a surprising thirty-five percent here compared with nineteen percent in Trenton). At the time

FOOD COSTS AMERICANS MORE BUT THEY GET MORE TO SPEND



THE BIEBERS of Hamilton play cribbage. They spent $68 on their outdoor summer vacation last year but their American counterparts paid out $200



THE BIGAMIS of Trenton have television. Both families have had to cut down their entertainment budgets since Maclean's last checked

of one 1949 comparison it cost eighteen percent less to eat in Hamilton than in Trenton, five hundred miles to the southeast. Now the week's food costs nine percent less in Hamilton.

Clothes cost about eight percent more in Canada on the average. Cotton items are noticeably more expensive, rayons less so, and price tags on wool clothing and shoes pretty much the same in both countries although a $50 ready-to-wear suit in the States is likely to have more hand tailoring than a $50 suit in Canada, and shoes in the U. S. are fikely to have better soles than Canadian shoes in the same price range. But you can still have a baby for $60 less in Hamilton than in Trenton although most other medical fees, which were formerly noticeably lower in Hamilton, are now as high as in Trenton.

To find out just what the recent inflations in the two countries mean to real life families let's see how Oscar Biebert, a funky intelligent steelworker of Hamilton, is making out in comparison with Al Bigami, a burly good natured Trenton steelworker.

Both are married. Oscar and Muriel Bieber the Canadians, have one child, Gerald, now eleven and Al and Lucy Bigami's Ronald is now seven.

Back in 1949 Oscar and Al were struggling with much the same problems. They were economizing on clothing, both had sold the cars they had bought secondhand during World War II, both were calculating how to buy some additional household equipment their wives wanted. But both families were eating well.

Today, Al of Trenton has moved far ahead of Hamilton's Oscar. A handsome 1950 Buick is parked outside Al's rented flat. He has a new eight foot electric refrigerator, a television set and a sparkling new white gas range in addition to the equipment he and Lucy already had in 1949—washer, vacuum cleaner, electric sewing machine, pressure cooker, automatic toaster and steam iron. Food costs the Bigamis of the U. S. more than it did in 1949 but they seem less worried about it than when I visited them then.

There's quite a change when you enter the bungalow the Biebers now rent on Niagara Street, a neighborhood of inexpensive small bungalows in Hamilton. The Biebers still have the same icebox and are still talking about getting an electric one. They still have no car. They did buy a vacuum cleaner, a secondhand dining room set and a new living-room set on the installment plan when they had to leave their former flat eight months ago. But the cost-of-living problem that dominates their thinking these days is the price of food. For the Biebers of Canada today are consciously rationing themselves on edibles.

The big difference in the status of the two families has been brought about by an increasing disparity in their pay since 1949. Al, the American, who made $60 a week in 1949, now is collecting $108.65 a week for his job operating a cable coiling machine at the Roebling steel plant in Trenton. That pay is actually better than the average $80 a week for the standard forty hour week of a Trenton steelworker, because Al is putting in a forty-eight hour week, which means eight hours at time and a half.

Oscar, the Canadian, is now making $63.52 for a standard forty two-and-a-half-hour week operating a wire tying machine at the Frost plant in Hamilton. He got $52 at the same job in 1949, when the work week was forty-four hours. His hourly rate of $1.50 is better than the average $1.35 for a Canadian steelworker, but 25 percent less than Al Bigami's $2.09 in Trenton. Moreover except for a spell of seven weeks last fall Oscar hasn't been getting that time and a half over forty hours which has swelled Al's pay.

The sizeable difference in earnings is cut down a bit by Oscar's lower income taxes. After income tax ($4.25) and other deductions he takes home $58.51. Al manages to get an actual $91.69 past the paymaster after deductions for income tax $14.50), social security and community chest.

Other than the handsome big car and the better household furnishings of the American family the most noticeable difference in the way the two families now live is the way they eat. For a weekly grocetern tab of about $26 the Bigamis have meat or chicken every evening. The meat generally consists of steaks ($1.15 a pound), ground steak ($1), chicken breasts (79 cents), centre-cut pork chops (73 cents) and once a week, shin beef for soup at 65 cents. They have fresh vegetables at every meal. They don't eat meat heavily but they don t stint either. The pound of ground steak provides one meal with a little left over. And even though milk in Trenton has gone up from a quarter to twenty nine cents for an imperial quart in the past three years they still use the equivalent of ten imperial quarts a week without hesitation.

In spite of the record prices of food in both countries both Lucy Bigami and Muriel Bieber are reluctant to use fewer cost items like margarine prepchopped hamburger, dry skim milk or other cost cutters. The nutritionists may plead other wise, but both women are convinced their families' health depends on the grade on well on the type and amount of food they eat. "I'd rather spend the money on food now than on doctors later," Mrs. Bigami says firmly. "I don't want my family to get ulcers from poor food." Both would rather use a smaller amount of expensive food than cut down on costs to go on eating as much as before. Mrs. Bigami won't even use shortening for cooking.

Extra Cash For Clothes

Muriel Bieber of Hamilton has been rationing her family's food with a technique of her own. As food prices went up she continued to spend the same amount but simply bought less. She bought fifty-five cents' worth of minced round for dinner back in 1949 and still asks for fifty five cents' worth. With round now a dollar a pound she gets about a half pound for a dinner. When she buys frankfurters for a meal she orders five: two for her husband, two for her son and one for herself. The Biebers have also given up one of the seven quarts of milk they used to get a week when the price reached twenty two cents a quart (it was nineteen cents in 1949) and are frugal in their use of eggs. Oscar and his son each have one for breakfast. Mrs. Bieber insists all she wants in the morning is toast and coffee.

"There were two pieces of bacon left over Sunday morning and I tried to get Muriel to eat them," Oscar relates. "She wouldn't so I ate them even though I didn't really need them."

Dinner at the Biebers' features less beef and more pork than in 1949. Nowadays they have pork chops once a week, spare ribs once, frankfurters, minced round and chicken—since it's become cheap compared with red meat—once a week, bacon and eggs for dinner occasionally, fish once a week and a roast on week ends. Fresh vegetables show up less often than at the American home especially in winter. Vegetable backbone of the Bieber diet is boiled potatoes, carrots, canned peas and corn.

Muriel Bieber is by no means bitter. She feels she is faring better than some families of her acquaintance. Her butcher told her some families send the children to him for fifteen cents worth of Bologna for dinner—the mothers are ashamed to come themselves. Even Oscar seems more resigned to the ballooning cost of living than he was in 1949 when it was just beginning to act up.

Muriel is an attractive woman and what she does prefer to eggs, or even another frankfurter, is nice clothes. She reports deprecatingly, that her Hamilton neighbors resented our 1949 comparison which indicated Lucy Bigami in Trenton had a larger and finer wardrobe.

The Bieber family actually is spending more than Oscar brings home. That's because this past year Muriel has been going out to do part-time house work. Oscar's wages provide the family's necessities but she wants the extra money to buy her own clothes. Now she owns a muskrat coat she bought for $300 last year on the lay-away plan. She has slender ankles and wears nylons always; buying twenty four pairs a year at ninety cents each, and three pairs of shoes at $15. Her present pride is a pair of alligator and suède pumps. She paid $17 for them which worries her, but she hopes to get extra wear out of them. She buys two street dresses a year for about $10 each and about three house dresses at $4, and a suit every two years. She figures she currently spends about $220 a year for her own clothes.

Her husband has cut his own clothing purchases sharply. Now he buys little more than work clothing and such necessities as underwear and socks and even few of these. He still has the two dress up suits and the overcoat that decorated his closet in 1949. We figured out that his current expenditures for clothing run $68 a year compared with the $150 he was spending in 1949 when clothes were cheaper.

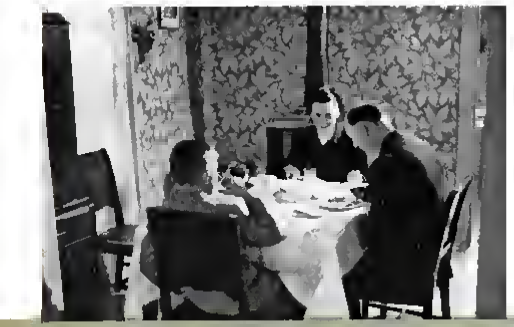
Al in Trenton is able to buy more clothes of all types than Oscar. Al gets two pairs of worsted dress slacks a year at $16.50 each, to Oscar's none; two good outdoor jackets a year ($12 each) to Oscar's single lower-quality $4 one; two good work shirts at $2.50 to Oscar's one a year for $2. Al buys three sports shirts at $4 each while Oscar buys one a year for $3. Al does pay as much for denim work trousers as does Oscar ($4 a pair) but can afford to buy two pairs a year to Oscar's one. And while Oscar buys only three sets of underwear a year, Al buys nine.

And, while Oscar's wife Muriel is catching up to Lucy Bigami fashionwise there's still no comparison with the clothes Lucy has. Lucy only spends about $165 a year in Trenton compared with $220 for Mrs. Bieber in Hamilton. But Lucy not only has advantage of the lower clothing prices in the U. S., she is an expert seamstress with a talent for design and feeling for color and materials that would rate high even among professional designers. This of course is a major reason why Lucy's clothing bill is so much lower than that of Muriel Bieber in Hamilton who seems to feel she can do better by earning extra money than working at her sewing machine.

For instance a neighborhood tailor for whom Lucy does occasional sewing gave her a length of men's wear worsted out of which she fashioned a fine skirt. Subsequently she saw one like it tagged $32 in a store. She bought cotton material at eighty nine cents a yard to make herself several smart little summer skirts to go with a dozen cotton blouses she bought for a dollar apiece at an end-of-season sale. She wears more slacks now and makes up outfits with a cardigan vest she bought for $1.50, worsted slacks at $12 and her large assortment of blouses, including three silk ones she got this year at $3 apiece. By wearing slacks she now gets along with twelve pairs of nylons a year compared with the forty-eight she ran through—literally—in 1949. She shops cancellation sales for shoes, buying two pairs a year for $7 to $8.

The Bigamis' boy Ronny is also better dressed than the Biebers' Gerald. In fact and partly due to his mother's skill Ronny is better dressed than the sum of much wealthier parents, better dressed even than his own dad, a situation now frequent in American working families. Lucy's tailor pal made fine gabardine slacks for Ronny for only $16. Lucy knits Ronny's sweaters. His coat was $15 and his suit was $12.50, which is what Jerry's suit cost too. The Bigamis pay $6.50 for Ronny's shoes (three pairs a year) while the Biebers manage to pick up Jerry's yearly three pairs for $4 at sales but as before, Ronny wears better shoes. The American family buys six pairs of dungarees a year for Ronny, Gerald gets only four. They buy Ronny a real hat for $2 while Jerry wears a one-dollar cap like his dad. The bill in Trenton for Ronny's larger wardrobe runs $98 a year, in Hamilton Jerry's clothes cost $76.50.

Both families had to move in recent months for exactly the same reason: the two-family houses in which each rented the upper flat were sold. Each now pays more rent than in 1949 but has more room. When the Biebers in Hamilton had to give up the flat for which they paid $24 a month they went through what they describe as the most anxious time of their whole married life. For weeks they trudged and *Continued on page 44*



MURIEL BIEBER still buys high grade foods in Hamilton but the skyrocketing cost of living has made her cut on quantity since 1949.



LUCY BIGAMI'S family in Trenton has fresh vegetables at every meal and doesn't stint on meat. She insists on using butter for cooking.



Muriel Bieber of Hamilton makes a little outside money and spends it on clothes. She also makes some. Lucy Bigami (below) is an expert seamstress keeps her budget down by sewing in her Trenton home





Unsteadily shoulder-high Dancy sheepishly accepts the congratulations of tiny Hook Green He wouldn't take a penny from anyone

The Other Hero of the Enterprise

Captain Kurt Carlsen got a Broadway ticker-tape welcome-home and the plaudits of the world First Officer Kenneth Dancy, who joined him for the last six days on the sinking ship, went on a motor bike to Hook Green, Kent, for a pint of bitter with the villagers and to finish knitting a sweater

Dancy is a prize knitter and symphony fan Mrs Dancy says He was always a quiet lad



By McKENZIE PORTER

DURING the chill and watery sunlight of Wednesday afternoon Jan 16 last a ramshackle motorcycle spluttered into the small hamlet of Hook Green among the rolling hop fields of Kent forty miles south of London England

It was driven proudly by sixty-year-old William Doucy the local postmaster and grocer Standing up in the sidecar blushing modestly was Kenneth Dancy, his twenty-seven year old son

As the three-wheeled contraption shuddered to a halt outside the four-century-old Elephant's Head Inn about a hundred inhabitants of Hook Green plus a few mounted gentry who had lingered after a day's fox hunting raised a thin well bred southern counties cheer

The Number Two Hero of the Flying Enterprise was home

Twelve days earlier First Officer Kenneth Dancy of the English tug Turmoil had risen from obscurity to an imperishable place in maritime chronicles by hopping aboard the listing and sinking American freighter Flying Enterprise during one of the worst North Atlantic gales in recent history He went to the aid of the stricken vessel's master thirty seven year-old Captain Kurt Carlsen who had been alone on board for a week facing risk of sudden death rather than leave his ship to be classed as a derelict and claimed as a total prize by the first salvage company which could reach her

The manner in which these two seafarers who had never met before struggled together for a further six days to save the Flying Enterprise only to be thwarted by a second gale which snapped the hawser and sank her beneath their feet touched the imagination of the world

Dancy's story has been largely obscured by the greater glory which enveloped Carlsen Yet it is nonetheless interesting

On the day of his return in triumph to Hook Green so different from Carlsen's thunderous Broadway ticker-tape welcome Dancy were a shabby navy-blue gabardine mackintosh and baggy flannel pants. He is a slight, wan frizzy-headed young bachelor the jolly-decent chap type produced by English grammar schools distinguished from the mid-cocrats of Eton and Harrow by a faint Cockney accent yet having much in common with them on matters of honor courage and modesty

Two farmers one in a flat cap and leggings, both straight out of a cartoon by the English comic artist Giles lugged the ruwilling merchant navy officer out of the sidecar and hoisted him unsteadily onto their shoulders. Dancy grinning as cheepishly as any sixth former who has saved the school eleven at cricket said "Are you sure you can manage it?" One of the yeomen said "Yes!" The other said "Not all!" Then buckling in bit at the knees and followed by the little crowd all muffled up in tweeds and woollies they carried him in triumph across the village green toward his parents' store where they still burn oil lamps at night

Here awaiting young Dancy were four newsreel cameramen twenty two still photographers and fifteen reporters who for the past two hours had been telling each other ingloriously "This story is dead" They were a mere mopping up patrol compared with the battalion of four hundred journalists from twelve nations who had surrounded Carlsen and Dancy four days earlier when they were put ashore at Falmouth. Nevertheless as soon as Dancy appeared they interred the story energetically Flash bulbs twinkled movie cameras whirred and reporters scribbled as Dancy said into a microphone

If I'd known I'd cause all this fuss I wouldn't have done it Next time I'll look before I leap

There was an appreciative giggle Already Dancy's Leap had become a catch phrase throughout England Men engaging jobs were doing a Dancy's Leap" The slang term for attempting something "have a bash at it" was giving place to "Take a Dancy at it" Cockney clerks jumping spiritedly for moving buses were alighting on the rear platforms with an exultant cry of "Dancy!" The same expletive was being uttered by ogres in West End pantomimes as they were catapulted up through trap doors in the stage The Daily Express women's editor was telling her readers "Knit your husband this Dancy sweater" Frederick Marshall Hook Green's member on the parish council was urging that the village name be changed to Dancy's Leap. "Just as Old English and far more romantic sounding."

Dancy turned to make a final pose with his mother and father in the doorway of the store Then with evident relief he withdrew settled down to a nice cup of tea played some of his favorite Beethoven records and knitted knitting a pair of socks. "Yes, knitting" He's very proud of his knitting. A year ago he entered a sweater in a women's knitting competition and won. He explains "It stops me from smoking too much

When he was sixteen this master of the knitting needles and one of the youngest merchant navy officers in England to hold a shipmaster's ticket wanted to get into the war which had just broken out He was too young for the army navy or air force So he left Skinner's Grammar School at nearby Tunbridge Wells and joined the merchant navy as an apprentice

Whenever he got ashore he headed as he still does for the nearest symphony concert or art gallery "He was always a quiet lad" says his mother "always interested in the higher things in life"

He was only shaving once a week at the time he was dive-bombed in the Indian Ocean by Japanese and in the Mediterranean by Germans On the Arctic convoy route to Russia he was in a ship that was holed by a torpedo But he had never had to swim for his life until he left the Flying Enterprise Since the war he's been sailing as first mate all over the world in ships owned by Knuhler Brothers and Co Ltd of Leadenhall Street London. He joined the tug Turmoil as a temporary capacity The owners of the Turmoil the Overseas Salvage and Salvage Co happen to be a subsidiary of the Knuhler Brothers.

It was not heroism alone which lodged the Flying Enterprise epic securely in seafaring history It was also the unexpected refusal of Carlsen and Dancy to capitalize on their feat The dazzling publicity both received made them worth a fortune to movie, newspaper and advertising interests Yet they rejected hundreds of offers which would have left them well set for life The story of their physical courage is inseparable from their moral strength

Capt Carlsen turned down one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and First Officer Dancy sixty thousand dollars for exclusive rights to exploit their saga at the theatres on the air and in the Press. They also

Continued on page 47



Dancy (left) and Carlsen cling to the roll of the sinking ship not long before jumping into the sea At right McKenzie Porter interviews the modest Doucy in the parlor of his parents' ancient grocery shop



A VETERAN CANADIAN TEACHER ASKS:

ARE THE SCHOOLS RUINING YOUR CHILD?

Progressive education, he charges, is turning out high-school graduates whom employers find inefficient and lazy, parents find thoughtless and universities find ignorant

By WILLIAM E. HUME, B.A., D.Ped.

THE WEEK of March 2 to March 8 is Education Week in Canada, a seven day period designed "to arouse public interest in education." In my time as a teacher there was no such thing as one week in the year set aside for the public to admire the educational system. When I was a boy in a tiny Ontario village fifty years ago education was a year round concern a day-in-and-day out affair. It was something you got the hard way and that would remain with you all your life. Education was what you were or what you hoped to become and its supreme importance did not have to be sold to the taxpayer and parents by spurious advertising and high-sounding oratory.

In any case, as this Education Week dawns as service clubs from coast to coast listen to guest speakers lauding our elementary and secondary schools (as modern as progressive as character-forming)... as the schools themselves throw open their doors in welcome to the public, I should like to go on record as being in strong disagreement with the eulogies of past Education Weeks.

I contend that the modern Canadian school is betraying the youth of this country. I am opposed to its "freedom to express yourself" philosophy, its lack of intellectual discipline, its improperly balanced curriculum, its mechanical rotary systems, its feeble physical education program and, above all, its adoption of the typical American aim in education that "only that is good which is useful" and all else is chaff. Surely Canadian educational leaders are aware that our American friends are at this very moment trying desperately to rid themselves of these false ideals.

Many of our professional educators are depriving our children of a sound first-class education and offering them a second-class one in its place. Deceived by the specious arguments of a handful of psychologists with a distorted view of the world and some queer notions of how to cure its ills they are robbing the Canadian school of its intellectual and moral strength, ignoring its traditional position as the guardian of man's cultural heritage, and turning it into a sort of community centre which hands out shreds of whatever kind of education its average student finds most palatable and easiest to take.

What are the results? Instead of graduating from our schools as civilized, cultured, thoughtful, considerate human beings ready to work hard and take their place as useful citizens, many of our young people are emerging with just the opposite characteristics. Universities declare them ignorant, parents say they are thoughtless, employers contend that too many are inefficient, rude and lazy.

Should we blame these young persons for what they have become? Certainly not. They've been educated that way. Modern methods of teaching and discipline do not demand the best from the students either in work or in behavior. The school



In forty years' teaching Dr. Hume went all the way from a two-room rural school to originating the "opportunity plan of instruction" based on maximum and minimum work requirements which was widely used in Ontario schools in the Thirties. He was principal of several schools in Toronto and served as an inspector in that city for twenty-seven years.

seems to have acknowledged its inability to cope with the harmful but powerful influence of the moving picture, the vulgar phonograph record, the comic strip and the tawdry degrading magazine and book. The school no longer invites its pupils to hitch their wagons to a star.

The educationists behind the new-style Canadian education refer to it as "child-centred." They call its experimental processes "growth." They say it gives a pupil "freedom to express himself." Freedom to express oneself is all very well if one has something worth while to express and the skill to express it well. But what has a young and naturally undeveloped mind to express? Certainly our children have great potentialities but these must be developed properly, they must be directed by good teachers using teaching methods based on self-control and discipline. None of this "self expression" tomfoolery will do the job.

Not long ago I read a statement by an American high-school principal who was wholeheartedly in favor of "progressive" education when it first came into American schools about twenty-five years ago but who has since repented. Now he says, "Children *want* to be guided, want to know that there are limits beyond which they cannot pass with impunity. They want a guardian an authority. The teacher must be there to lead those who will be led and to force those who are incapable of peaceful following. He should be like the policeman — not an enemy but a friendly reminder that the law is there and must be obeyed. We were naive to think nobody had to be boss. We went into it blindly and what looked like charming ingenuity on the part of youngsters at five turned out to be plain rudeness and insubordination at twelve."

I agree with that teacher.

Consider the slogan of today's progressive schools: "Learning can be fun"! This is just plain nonsense. Learning is never fun. If it's fun it isn't learning. Learning is hard work, especially when it deals with a subject in which one may not be particularly interested, or especially proficient. Learning is built on intellectual curiosity, concentration, patience and constant drill, drill, drill.

"Progressive" educationists are against drill. They don't believe practice makes perfect. They say you learn a thing as you go along. But who ever learned anything worth knowing without drill? Hockey is learned by drill. A boy thinks nothing of practicing skating and puck handling until he's good enough for the team. Singing is learned by drill: the vocalist spends years practicing his scales and learning foreign languages in preparation for the great day when he will finally emerge a full-fledged opera star. Drill is what differentiates the amateur from the professional, and the old saw about education being "the application of the seat of the pants to the chair" is as true today as it ever was.

Nor have I any faith in the acclaimed educational values of the "project activity" as popular in some Canadian elementary and secondary schools where the class is taken for a walk through the community so the students can observe its activities first hand and then prepare a booklet on it. Such tours should take place after school hours or on a Saturday morning. And to call this sort of jaunt "work" is ridiculous.

Today's "progressive" school tells its pupils not to worry about examinations or class standing since "You are not in competition with anyone else, you are only in competition with yourself." Thus it ignores examinations and promotes on the basis of a strange and incomprehensible combination of the student's general accomplishment, his mental ability (as determined by the unreliable IQ test) and his age. Since the student's age is the only factor that can be absolutely defined, promotion in the truly "progressive" school is made on age only. In Toronto they carried this fantastic kind of thinking to its logical conclusion last fall when they abolished the old style report card with its list of examination marks and class standing, and brought in a new card carrying no telltale statistics but only the three designations, outstanding, satisfactory, and unsatisfactory.



There are valid arguments against displaying the class standings of elementary students in classrooms or elsewhere in the community. Neither Bill Smith nor his parents have any right to know where John Brown stands in his class. But of all it is to serve its function the report card should give complete and honest information to those most vitally concerned: the student and his parents. It should give the exact accomplishment and ranking in every subject and every precaution should be taken to keep it confidential. The Toronto report card with its three divisions does not give a complete or honest picture of the student's accomplishment or progress. It is, therefore, of no value to student or parent and its use should not be tolerated by levelheaded trustees or conscientious parents.

The "progressives" will not easily surrender their "progressive" methods of grading for by their use they hope to solve the grievous problem of promotion without the use of examinations or other formal standards. In actual classroom practice the teacher is strongly tempted to grade all pupils as satisfactory because he has no sure guide in the form of formal examinations on which to base or defend his opinion of the student's worth. On these terms the promotion of pupils will be made on grounds of age only and, of course, all pupils will be promoted. I must solemnly assure you that promotion on age only for all students up to grade ten is the aim of certain "progressive" educationists in positions of authority and influence.

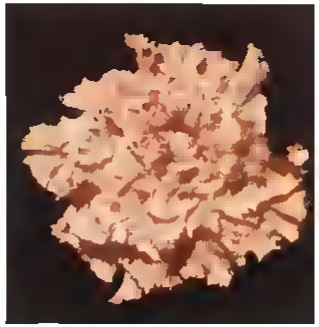
As for competition in or outside the school I believe, of course, in competition with oneself as the ideal setting for a happy and satisfying life. But one cannot compete even with oneself without definite measuring standards such as the usual school examination or a definite valuation by an outside authority of daily work submitted in a formal manner. If

Continued on page 37

A GARDEN IN YOUR MAILBOX

Would you like a flesh-eating Darlingtonia in your breakfast nook? Or a Serpent Cucumber for your summer salads? The Dominion Seed House will send you these fascinating monsters and, at the same time, dazzle you with seed that costs thirty times as much as gold





Bill Bradley searches the continent for rare seeds to thrill Canadian gardeners who however mostly prefer items like the Parrot Tulip (top), Sakata's Double Petunia (right) and the tuberous begonia





Peter Vannatter is genial manager. He catalogues stores expert amateurs who ultra-specialize in SEED



Fred Feyer runs Dominion's greenhouses. Every year he tells two-inch members and visits four branches

By PIERRE BERTON

SPRING, the poet's season, is almost upon us. Already new fresh sap is beginning to run in the trunks of old elms and a new fresh light can be seen in the eyes of old gardeners. If a robin is the harbinger of spring, so no less is the seed catalogue. If younger men are inspired these days by poets who sing in praise of love, older and grimier men are equally uplifted by bards who carol the glories of the new Peppermint Stick Zinnia, the Carleton Tomato and the Giant Hybrid Amaryllis.

Though the land is still for the most part in the clutch of winter, the bright foliage of a million seed catalogues is sprouting from the dark confines of a million grey mailboxes. Already tons of seeds have been shoveled, scooped and pincered into stacks of boxes and tiny envelopes which pour out from the great firms of Rennie, Webb, Stokes, McKenzie, McDonald, Dupuy and Ferguson and Steele Briggs. And for three hundred and seventy-five thousand Canadian gardeners the grey March days will be lightened by the latest intelligence from a strange firm which started out to be an electrical company and now claims the country's largest mail-order business in garden seeds: the Dominion Seed House.

In the literature of the seed catalogue the Dominion Seed and Nursery Book might be likened to science fiction. Reading it the novice gardener is transported into an exotic world where radishes grow to twenty-five pounds and watermelons shrink to eight inches, where cucumbers wriggle like serpents and morning glories come out in the afternoon.

For Dominion is not quite like other seed firms. Besides the common or garden variety of seeds it carries a whole range of uncommon varieties. Where a common or garden variety of seed company might feature three or four kinds of aster, say, Dominion will feature thirty-three. It lists two thousand kinds of seed or plant in its catalogue and it beams its trade straight at those men and women whose eye is always on the trowel, whose veins run with chlorophyll and to whom the twin deities of mulch and manure are unassailable as Baal.

In common with other Canadian seed firms Dominion propagates very few of its own seeds. Instead it garners them from every corner of the world and retails them to Canadian gardeners.

There is an almost Arabian Nights flavor to the Dominion catalogue. The Golden Macaroni Squash from Persia and the Garbanzo Chestnut Bean from Spain vie with the Enormous Sukrit Jims Radish and Amazing Seedless Watermelon from Japan, the Butter Vine from New Guinea and the Salad Bean from China.

There is an entire range of tiny vegetables for tiny people (or alternatively for people who want to grow food in window boxes). Tom Thumb Lettuce, midget pumpkins, diminutive muskmelons, five-inch cucumbers, corn just four inches long which can fit into frozen food lockers and baby watermelons which can easily be slipped into an icebox.

There are, in addition, beans that taste like nuts, melons that look like bananas, tomatoes shaped like pears, gourds that grow into penguins, a vegetable that tastes like an oyster and a house plant that predicts the weather.

Other companies sell some of these seeds, too, but only Dominion features them over its more prosaic varieties, and no other firm has the potpourri of curios which sets Dominion apart from its competitors.

The seed house itself is as much a hybrid as its own Large Flowering Dwarf Nemesia. Its owner, William Freeman Bradley, is a stocky man with short-clipped white hair whose eyes light up at the mention of the tuberous-rooted begonia and whose chief hobby is taking colored movies of the flowers whose seed he dispenses.

Bradley started life as a bank clerk but there has been pollen in his nostrils since childhood and in his father's before him. The elder Bradley was a millwright who yearned for a farm. He bought a good one at Georgetown. Out about thirty-six miles west of Toronto, where the Dominion Seed House now stands. Here he raised a family of ten. He was killed in a mill accident when young William was two. But the farm kept body and soul together for widow and offspring. Young Bradley started in a taller range, but switched to a mail order business in broiler rookeries in 1922. Soon he was dispensing everything from barbers' clippers to sun lamps.

But each January Bradley found business getting slack. He hated to lay off staff and in 1928 he hit on the idea of filling in time for them by packaging and selling novelty seeds. Soon he found he had the green thumb of a flourishing seed business grafted onto the old stalk of an electrical firm.

From the beginning the seed business flourished. To his surprise Bradley grossed twenty thousand dollars the first year from such curious items as the garden huckleberry (the size of a pea) and the vegetable spaghetti all unveiling then, although standard seeds today. People were fascinated, he recalls. He has since sold as many as twenty thousand packets of the garden huckleberry seed a year. The fruit, which say huckleberry pie all but a member of the tomato family, is great for old-fashioned pie filling.

Bradley had simply bought twenty-two kinds of novelty seed from an American firm. Now he suddenly found himself getting up to four or five hundred letters a day from customers who answered his press ads in the newspapers.

Soon the seed house began to approach the electrical firm in volume of business and today the latter is as dormant as a Pilgrim Trapper in January. The general manager of the electrical business was a mechanical wizard with the mouth-filling name of Phares Lyndamer Vannatter. Bradley decided to move him into seeds, though he had his doubts as to whether a man so happily wedded to the inner complications of a Beehive Stove or Health Developer Lamp would take to such an unrefined vocation. But Vannatter took it in his stride. A quizzical greying man, he is now general manager of the seed house. In his spare time he cultivates a two-foot garden full of new kinds of seed and constructs luxurious automobile trailers with electric light and water under pressure.

In Vannatter's words, the electrical business simply became "a distracting influence." It stopped all advertising fifteen years ago but occasionally the seedmen find they have to go out and service a piece of equipment sold years before. For a long time Dominion kept two men on servicing barbers' clippers. One of them became the seed company's office manager. Most of the present staff, except for nursery manager Fred Feyer, started in the electrical business. And occasionally mixed in with the orders for Blue Ageratum comes a plaintive query about the Campbell Fireless Cooker circa 1922.

Bradley found they all had plenty to learn about seeds. He used to come to work at 5:30 a.m. so "I'd learn enough to tell the other people what to do." But the business flourished in spite of the depression, or perhaps because of it. While other companies lay dormant Dominion plotted its catchy little ads in the little room of the newspapers. Unlike most seed companies, which sell between thirty and fifty seed varieties in parks known as commission boxes in grocery and hardware stores, Dominion sells its one thousand varieties of seed entirely by mail order.

From Aklavik To Peru

Bradley and Vannatter were soon caught up in the aura of mystery that surrounds the seed business. "The longer you go in this business the more you appreciate the little you know," Bradley says. Seeds and seed buyers can both be puzzling. Why, for example, if you plant ten seeds from a Northern Spy Apple, will ten other apple trees spring up, no two like, none of them Northern Spies? Why, if you put a green illustrated folder within your catalogue will it sometimes sell out a standard variety of seed and other times kill the sales? And what about the story of the wild geese which crops up every two or three years and which Vannatter refers to as "strange beyond belief"?

This story is a hardy perennial with seed companies and it is always the same. A customer writes in from a remote area enclosing a few beans. "They're always beans," Vannatter says, "from his father or grandfather.

Continued on page 42

WHAT the WEST thinks RUSSIA will DO

By LIONEL SHAPIRO MACLEAN'S EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

PARIS

ON A DOUR DAY of last December four men gathered about a green-covered U-shaped table in committee room No. 3 in the Palais de Chaillot. These men represented eighty percent of the effective military power in the world and they were meeting, by a resolution of the UN General Assembly, to discuss disarmament.

The first to arrive was Russia's delegate Andrei Y Vishinsky. He looked as benignly cheerful as a department store Santa Claus, waved to a few onlookers but didn't quite steal the show from the man who carried his brief case, a frozen faced fellow who looked bigger than Carnera and twice as forbidding. Then came youthful scholarly Selwyn Lloyd, Britain's Minister of State. A moment later, U S Ambassador Philip Jessup bounced along the corridor, his ascetic face gleaming shyly at the cameras. Finally Jules Moch, the sombre French delegate, marched into the room. The door was closed and a UN security guard took up his post in the corridor.

Two floors below in the huge delegates' lounge nobody seemed to care. A member of the Belgian mission was debating amiably with an Egyptian delegate on Dick Savitt's Davis Cup chances against Frank Sedgman. Half a dozen loungers were intrigued by a Norwegian's discovery of the best fish restaurant on the Left Bank. An American newsman was trying to date a pretty French telephone operator at her counter in the centre of the room. A Saudi Arabian sat deep in his chair facing the windows and contemplated one of the loveliest vistas in Paris, the Seine embankment where it cuts across the base of the Eiffel Tower.

In committee room No. 3 the lone great Powers were supposed to be juggling with the fate of our civilization. It didn't matter. No one objects to gestures as long as they are harmless, and this thing going on two floors above was a fine moral gesture. It would throw up a few flimsy hopes impress nobody, accomplish nothing. This was the attitude.

Five years ago, or fifteen or twenty-five years ago—a disarmament conference by the lone most powerful nations on earth would have gripped the world and held it in a state of great hope tempered by great anxiety. Today, in the august parliament of the United Nations, a disarmament conference creates less stir than the acceptance by a minor Russian diplomat of an invitation to a British cocktail party.



Lionel Shapiro made his latest crossing with the 27th Brigade for whom he has written a pamphlet to help them know their jobs as ambassadors in khaki. The booklet grew from an editorial of his in Maclean's.

Why? Canada's Lester B Pearson offered an explanation. He told me: "The United Nations is becoming little more than an agency of the cold war. . . . The Russians are using the UN for no other purpose."

Every delegate knew this. Every delegate knew the purpose of the journey to Paris was threefold:

1. To keep the UN alive in the hope that someday, either as a result of war or a fundamental change in Russian policy, the world organization might fulfill its proper function of settling international disputes.

2. To provide the Soviet and Western blocs with a sounding board for their respective propaganda lines.

3. To enable the members of the Western bloc to assess the capabilities of their opponents: check secret intelligence reports with their friends and send to their home governments the answer to the one vital question: Will there be world war in 1952?

The Russians assuredly think they know whether there will be war in 1952. The men of the Politburo have already made their decision and to a large extent it is binding on all of us. They are pretty certain the West is not capable of precipitating world war during the next twelve months: we lack the troops, the equipment, the planes, and above all the collective will for preventive war. General Eisenhower admitted this clearly and bluntly at a closed NATO session in Rome last November. The men of the Politburo don't have to accept Eisenhower's word for it if they are aware of the requirement for modern world war and they know we haven't got it. So as far as 1952 is concerned it is dealer's choice and the Politburo holds the cards.

The principal tasks, therefore, of Western diplomats gathered in Paris was to divine Russian intentions. To this purpose a great mass of intelligence information was checked and crosschecked. Official memoranda culled by many diplomats stationed in Moscow were analyzed in search of a common strain. Reports from scores of secret agents inside and around the perimeter of the Soviet empire were weighed and assessed by experts by men who would know, for instance, whether the construction of a five rail spur line in Poland was routine or abnormal.

Each nation naturally favored its own sources of information and inclined to its own appreciation of the entire picture. Just as naturally there were some differences in the conclusions reached by the United States and the Western European nations.

This correspondent, however, is in a position to report that the conclusions reached by a substantial majority of Western experts are in effect as follows:

1. There is no sign that the Soviet Union intends deliberately to precipitate war against the Western Powers during 1952.

2. The Soviet Union will exploit its virtual veto power over world war or peace by a series of diplomatic and propaganda moves aimed primarily at undermining the economic structure of the Western nations.

3. The greatest danger of an outbreak of world war will develop in the period between late summer of 1953 and spring of 1954.

The intelligence appreciation which holds that Russia will not deliberately provoke war in 1952 stems from the simplest and surest of sources —visual observation.

In terms of modern total war, strategic surprise has passed into history along with the spear, the catapult and the mercenary. Even tactical surprise is fast vanishing. War is a colossal business, and world war the biggest of all. Even the mysterious stretches of Russia silent and guarded could not conceal the preparation for a world war. If the masters in the Kremlin had set a date for war in the next twelve months the terrible urgency of the effort to make ready, the throb, the sacrifice of ordinary compassions, the momentum of life—all would be immediately apparent to the most secluded of diplomats in Moscow.

The economic facts would be just as apparent. Steel for housing, food for the shops, rolling stock for transport, all commodity goods, the gradual lift from an execrable standard of living—all these would be swept away by the dictatorial hand of national emergency.

Moreover, the majority of Western diplomats are not yet (as is generally supposed) confined to Moscow and under the constant surveillance of Lavrenti Beria's political police. As of last December the only Western diplomats who were restricted and under twenty-four hour watch were the British and American ambassadors and the military attachés of all countries. Other diplomats can and do travel wherever they like —except in the Ukraine, where a pro-Western, anti-independence movement is located, and the area around Kuibyshev, the organizational centre of the Soviet atomic program. They must ask permission first, and this has seldom been refused. (One of the diplomatic jokes in Moscow foreign circles is that the French Ambassador is somewhat deflated because he is not "honored" by the twenty four-hour watch accorded his British and American colleagues.)

In spite of close surveillance, Western diplomats and intelligence agents do get around in the Soviet Union. Most of them agree Stalin doesn't look for war this year

Diplomatic reports from a majority of these men point to a common conclusion. To be sure, war industry still has top priority in Russia; a great effort is being made to retain its arms superiority over the West in terms of quantity. But enough of the nation's resources and limited technical talent is being devoted to civilian projects to indicate that the urgency of total war has not yet descended upon Russia.

These reports are buttressed by the machinery of secret intelligence. One of the drawbacks of the rapacious empire-building the Soviet Union has indulged in since the war has been a weakening of its cardinal principle of secrecy. Each occupation in the Balkans and middle Europe has opened to us another window looking into Russia itself. Together with the assets of Czechoslovakia, for instance, Russia inherited millions of anti-Communists and these willing agents have considerably widened the area of our knowledge about events inside Russia.

"Before the war we had two problems in relation to Russia," a high intelligence official disclosed to me recently. "One was to discover the extent and capacity of Russia's industrial complex; the other was to divine so far as possible what was in the collective mind of the Politburo. Today the business of discovering what goes on inside Russia in the military and industrial fields is quite routine. The problem of what policy the Politburo is pursuing remains with us, but even this problem is considerably alleviated by our knowledge of Russian industrial and military developments. Russian policy may be an enigma, but the country is no longer the silent secret place it used to be."

It is in the light of these facts that we must interpret the plans and pronouncements of our own leaders.

On Dec. 23, shortly before leaving for Washington and Ottawa, Winston Churchill told the British people: "At the general election [each party] capital was made by calling me a warmonger. This was not true. Now that I am at the head of a government I shall work unitedly in harmony with our allies for peace. If war comes it will be because the world forces beyond British control. On the whole I don't think that it will come."

Such a statement, coming from the man who proclaimed from 1936 onward that war with Germany was inevitable, is not made loosely or blindly. It is derived from the same intelligence pattern that enables President Truman to express his conviction that stable peace will eventually be won, and that encouraged Prime Minister St. Laurent to say on his last visit to Paris: "I am convinced that I shall not see another world war in my lifetime and, let me add quickly, I am healthy and hope to live to a very ripe age."

One of the highest officers in the government of a Western great Power spoke informally and off the record to a small group of correspondents in London shortly before the turn of the year. He said that in spite of the complexity of world problems today he did not feel the sense of impending doom he felt from 1936 to 1939. The Russians were not like the Hitler Germans. The latter were racial and military lunatics disdainful of any military strength except their own, disdainful also of even the principle of world peace, convinced of their mystic destiny to dominate the world. The Russians on the other hand respect strength, they have a vivid realization of their technical shortcomings. They are above all realists; they will not precipitate a world war the result of which they cannot clearly see. Moreover their sense of realism is stronger than their Communist fanaticism, the prime example being the 1939 non-aggression pact which they signed with their most virulent ideological enemies.

Those who know Stalin (as well as any Western diplomat can know this reserved and utterly mysterious autocrat) find it inconceivable that he would, at seventy-two, embark on a military adventure which could only lead to disaster—the disaster of stalemate or defeat.

Why then are these known facts and logical deductions not clearly enunciated by our leaders? Why, if Russia shows no evidence of an intention to precipitate a world war, are we engaged in this tremendous armament race? The most frightening fact of history is that there has never *never* been a large-scale armament race which did not result in war between its principal participants. Why are we and the Russians engaged in this race if neither we nor they have any intention of plunging deliberately into war?

The answers to these questions lead us to a consideration of an intriguing and perilous future.

Behind the scenes on the world's political stage a mighty struggle is in progress. The Russians are seeking to maintain the initiative they gained in 1945 by reason of our sheep and disastrous demobilization. We are seeking to redress the military imbalance by rearmament hoping thereby to take the initiative out of the hands of the Kremlin. This delicate and dangerous competition is now in motion and will continue through 1953. Sometime in 1954 the competition will have been resolved: the climax will have been reached and the question of world war or peace will stand naked before the leaders of the two great coalitions of the world.

The West's rearmament program, it must be understood, was conceived on a political rather than a military level. The Communist attack in Korea gave it urgency and popular support but it had been brewing in the minds of British and American leaders long before. It grew out of the realization that the Kremlin

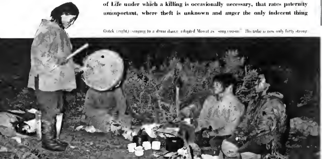
Continued on page 28



Yaha the Ihalmiut [illegible] Their Eskimo form of government [illegible] everything

THEY SOMETIMES MURDER BUT NEVER STEAL

The vanishing Eskimos of the Hudson Bay hinterland have evolved a Law of Life under which a killing is occasionally necessary, that rates paternity unimportant, where theft is unknown and anger the only indecent thing



Ootek (right), singing to a drum dance, adopted Mowat as "song cousin." His tribe is now only forty strong



STORY AND PICTURES BY FARLEY MOWAT

DURING 1947 and 1948 I lived with the Ihalmiut, an inland tribe of forty Eskimos who live in the plains country of the Keewatin District. They are an isolated and almost unknown people who have had only rare contacts with our civilization or even with their own relatives—the Eskimos of the coasts.

In June of 1948 I spent some time amassing a collection of the small mammals that live in the mosses and lichens of the plains. My collecting equipment consisted of three dozen ordinary mouse traps widely dispersed and marked with little flags of red cloth so they could be found again.

One day I casually asked Ootek, an Ihalmiut friend, to check some of the traps while I looked at the rest. An hour later, when I had finished my part and was heading back for the cabin, he rejoined me. He carried his skin packsack and as he jog-trotted across the tundra he held the bag well away from his side as if it contained something far too precious to be subjected to bumps and joggles.

Curious, I asked what he had found, but for once he was taciturn, refusing to answer except with muffled grunts. He seemed preoccupied, so I did not press the question.

At the cabin I unpacked half a dozen mice and lemmings from my specimen bag and laid them out on the table while Ootek watched me with a puzzled frown on his face. At last I enquired whether anything had been caught in his share of the traps. He came to life suddenly, pulled open his sack and after delving into its murky depths for a moment or two produced a bundle carefully wrapped in moss. This he handed to me without comment and watched intently as I unrolled it. The bundle contained a single mousetrap lying on a large piece of chocolate-colored peat which bore the clear and unmistakable imprint of a wolf's foot.

Somewhat taken aback I turned to Ootek and asked him what this odd combination was supposed to mean. But Ootek became dreadfully embarrassed and refused to open his mouth. When I tried being stern he began to stutter and at last he turned and fled to his tent.

Later on Ohoto, always the most direct and unabashed of the Ihalmiut men, paid me a call. In a short initiation ceremony some time before both Ootek and Ohoto had made me their song cousin, a difficult relationship to define, but one that is only extended on the most complete and comprehensive basis of friendship. If I wished I might have shared all things that Ootek and Ohoto possessed. As a song-cousin I was a counterpart of each man who had adopted me.

When Ohoto came in I showed him Ootek's strange trophy and asked him to explain its significance. He too seemed to have some difficulty in finding his tongue, but at last he told me what I wanted to know.

It was a shining example of the "oblique mind of the Eskimo," if you want to put it that way. But to me it was a prime example of the tremendous delicacy the Eskimo can show when he feels called upon to give advice to a white man who, poor fellow, has more wealth than sense. Ootek had looked at my mousetraps and it had been painfully obvious to him that I was not going to catch any foxes or wolves. And not even in his most lurid dreams had he thought that white men put value on lemmings and mice, or that I would deliberately try to catch these little beasts. So it seemed to Ootek that I was just incredibly naive in the arts of a trapper. Being my song-cousin he felt it was his duty to show me the futility of my trapping methods, but in such a manner that I would feel neither resentful nor foolish. Ootek hoped that when I saw the big wolf's track beside the frail little trap I would get the point without any words being spoken.

When Ohoto explained all this I was annoyed. I felt I was being treated as a somewhat backward child. Calling Ootek to the cabin I went to great lengths to explain why I wanted mice, not wolves. Ootek, sensing my indignation, listened with grave concentration as I tried to explain about museums, and science, and other inexplicable phenomena of the white man's way of life.

When I finished Ootek picked up a bundle of my traps and walked off with them into the Barrens. The next morning there were five mice laid out on my skinning table but Ootek never again spoke of my mousetrapping, nor did he show any further interest in improving my trapping technique. In interfering, no matter how hesitantly, with what I was doing he had contravened a basic code of his people, and it may be he was ashamed of what he had done.

This is the first great law of the land: that a man's business is sacred unto himself, and that it is no part of his neighbor's duty to interfere in any way unless the community is endangered. However, this does not mean that assistance is withheld in cases of need. In fact, the second and perhaps the most important law of the land is that while there is food, equipment, or bodily strength in any one of the tents, no man in another tent shall want for any of these.

This belief has led to a communization of all material things in the most real and best sense of the word. Nevertheless, individual ownership still exists in the camps, and this paradox may seem hard to grasp. Put it this way: every item of equipment is the personal property of one person or of a family group. But if a stranger in need of a spear should come to the place, any spear is his for the taking. He does not necessarily need to ask permission of the owner, though he usually does, and no direct recompense is expected or offered. He may or may not return the spear when he is finished, for the spear is now *his* property and is not just something he borrowed.

Obviously the system is not abused. Used with discretion and only under pressure of real need, it has greatly assisted in making man's existence possible in the Barrens. The man who requires a spear will always, if he has time and materials, make one for himself. However, the man who needs a spear urgently takes one from a neighbor, and it is given to him with good will.

This unusual approach to the problem of ownership was a source of annoyance to me until I grasped its significance. When I first came among the Ihalmiut they, with their limited knowledge of white men, treated me as they would treat one another. They were not aware of the gap in law and usage which separated us. For instance, I had a rifle, a souvenir picked up during the war, which I treasured. It was an excellent deer gun and it went with me wherever I went, and at night it stood close beside me. I seldom used it, for I do not shoot for amusement or sport, and since I and my companion, Andy Lawrie, a zoologist, were kept well-supplied with meat by the Eskimos, the occasions when we needed the gun were few.

One day a party of five Ihalmiut men walked down from the Little Hills country to visit at our camp by Windy River, which flows into a vast body of water called Nueltin Lake. The weather had been exceptionally bad and the trip took nearly three days. These men had not brought rifles for they had no ammunition. During the three days of the march they had existed on two little suckers they caught with their hands in a stream. After about sixty miles of the most devilish walking in all the world they arrived at our camp thoroughly tired and hungry,

Continued on page 29



Uwliktuk walked sixty miles in the wilderness to Mowat's camp; then was too polite to ask for food



Breaking the Law of Life, Pommela was ostracized. Frances Mowat gives him his first clipper haircut



Po[illegible] is now back in the tribe without stigma, gets his [illegible] antler bow ready for the next deer hunt

WHEN CANASTA WAS THE CRAZE

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Historians estimate twenty millions once played the rummy game that came from Argentina in a basket. Don't you remember?—We played it with two decks, much squabbling and more equipment than a deep-sea fisherman

By JAMES DUGAN

PHOTOS OF WAYNE AND SHUSTER BY KEN BELL

YOUR correspondent was recently leafing through the crumbling pages of an old newspaper file, marveling at the passing fads and follies of ourselves when younger and a strange headline turned up that brought a chuckle of reminiscence. CANASTA, ARGENTINE RUMMY GAME, SWEEPS COUNTRY. It brought back the atmosphere of those vanished years: pyramid skirts, sixty-cent lipstick, existentialism, Henry Wallace and Shirley May France, the girl who almost swam the English Channel twice.

Remember canasta? It seems like only yesterday.

It was the year of Woody Woodpecker, Nature Boy and Slow Boat to China. Barbara Ann Scott skated into the headlines. Funny Bfinkers-Keenan and Gramyko walked. Mackenzie King went out and Newfoundland came in. We read or at least talked about, The Naked and the Dead and Ramtree County and saw The Snake Pit and wondered what be bop was and what happened to the New Look. Gandhi and Babe Ruth were alive. The new names were Kinsey, the Shmoo, the Berlin Airlift, Marcel Cerdan, Benelux and Prince Charles. Amateur prospectors bought Geiger counters and mushed north after uranium; one André Marie was premier of France. Roger Lerouxfin published Les Plouffe, and Truman called for a forty dollar per-capita tax cut. But of all the fleeting marvels of that year, 1948 canasta was easily the nuttiest.

Millions forsook bridge while the game raged. Students of crawl maniac and extraordinary popular delusions had seen nothing like it since mah-jongg and monopoly. It seemed worth while to this student to retrace the history of canasta: lest the phenomenon be lost to sociology. Months have been spent interviewing old-timers with total recall and poring over contemporary accounts to reconstruct the game.

Canasta is the Spanish word for basket. The game came from rummy, an ancient game of cards which sired knock rummy, continental, the French game piquet, and the Spanish conquien or coonean. The word rummy is old English for "queer" and the joker, the key card in canasta, means "fool."

Canasta originated among Uruguayan peasants, possibly a hundred years ago. Sometime in the Nineteen Forties Argentine society people, wintering in Uruguay, found canasta in its endemic stage at the Montevideo Jockey Club and took it back to Buenos Aires. North American tourists learned it in Argentina and carried the epidemic to New York circa 1947. Some of those infected got into the Regency Club, a fashionable card pit in New York's East Sixties, and drowned the tense murmur of high-stake bridge with feverish and, to most, unintelligible canasta cries.

The assistant manager of the Regency, a June-esque white-haired lady named Ottilie H. Reilly, noted that the canasta players spent most of their time brawling over the rules, which none of them quite knew. To restore order in the joint Mrs. Reilly set out to discover the rules.

She happened to meet a cultivated Argentine named Alejandro Rosa, who was a simultaneous interpreter at the United Nations. Senor Rosa imparted the basic laws of canasta and six days later, in August 1948, Mrs. Reilly published a four-page rulebook, the first treatise on the game. Rosa continued his work at the UN and paid no further attention. He never played canasta.

Given some fine points to fight over, canasta spread like the pestilence. The time was right. Gin rummy, the previous card fad, was declining everywhere but in Hollywood, where it survives to this day in actors' kraals and the rumpus rooms of drive-in mortuaries. Canasta came to town like the circus. It was the loosest of all rummy games. You needed two decks to play it. Two, three, four, five or six contestants could give combat. It had as many wild cards as poker in the girls' dorm, as many emotional climaxes as soap opera, and you made scores as high as on a pinball machine.

Mrs. Reilly settled down to a heavy production of canasta books to meet the thirst for laws. Oswald Jacoby and Ely Culbertson brought out books on canasta. Your correspondent found several of these rare volumes in a disused laundromat and has reconstructed how the game was played.

Canasta afforded fine opportunity to indulge in weakness of character, including gluttony, ingratitude, treachery and barratry.

The four player version began with eleven cards dealt to each player and the remaining sixty four cards were deposited in a stack in a two-compartment tray in the centre of the table. Players then looked through their hands like kids going through popcorn boxes to see what prizes they got.

The object of the game was to meld all the cards in your hand by making canastas. A canasta was seven cards of the same denomination, helped by no more than three wild cards per canasta. There were twelve wild cards in circulation: the deuces and four jokers.

There was a cute thing called "the freeze." A wild card chucked into the discard prevented anybody from picking up the pile until he could show a pair that matched the top card. A sly player with a big wild hand could salt the discard pile with stoppers and wild cards, forcing others to deposit their own wild cards until the pile resembled a Dagwood sandwich. Then Mrs. Slyboots would flash

Continued on page 33

THIS MELD OF EVENTS MARKED CANASTA'S CAREER ▸▸



1947. Radio comics Wayne and Shuster first hear about canasta but don't believe it.



1947. In Toronto Margaret Marshall (right) won a beauty crown from Rosemary Hurst.



1947. In Seattle Frank Ryman said this photo he had taken proved saucers really did fly.



1948. The country went nuts over canasta. Two of the nuts were Wayne and Shuster.



1948. Eva Peron, first lady of the land of canasta, helped to cinch an election.



1948. Wayne got a look that would cut a deck when he peeked into Shuster's hand.



1948. Barbara Ann, Canadian as a beaver, graceful as a swallow, turned pro in N. Y.



1949. All of Newfoundland, including the Squid Jiggin' Ground, became Canadian.



1949. Wayne's method of mixing was wilder than a hand loaded with jokers and deuces.



1949. The Toronto Maple Leafs won the big game, fourth in a row, from the Red Wings.



1950. Canasta was bigger than ever, just like the basket and book used by W. & S.



1950. The Red River went on the rampage and a nation came to Winnipeg's help.



1950. Donald Gordon, wartime price control czar, took over the throttle of the CNR.



1951. Too busy studying new rules to play, Wayne and Shuster became insecure, moody.



1951. General Eisenhower became NATO chief as the nations of the West joined forces.



1952. Remember canasta? They will never forget it. After all, they never knew it.

"I GRIND HER TILL SHE BUST"

Because he can't stand bosses, Joe Ferrari has ground out a wheezy fanfare from his ancient barrel organ for forty years. Now he can't buy new tunes or parts and soon jaded office workers will listen in vain for his twangy tunes

By DOUGLAS DACRE

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

JOE FERRARI, who lives in Toronto's Little Italy, is one of Canada's last organ grinders. As he grinds out the same ten tunes day after day, standing in the gutter wearing his flat peak cap, long threadbare coat, concertina pants and crumpled boots, he presents a forlorn and poignant figure strangely out of keeping with his ringing harmonies. However, in the city's business section, stenographers and office boys, clerks and executives throw up the windows and drop, not chintzy bits of silver tokens of thanks for his sprightly interruption of the humdrum day. He manages to acknowledge each coin with a wave, a husky cry of "Ho!" and a thin toothy smile that is only a wraith of that big bewhiskered grin he used to spread years ago.

At sixty-four Joe Ferrari has discovered there is no future in organ-grinding. This may have given him the shabby and shuffling aspect of a broken man, but it has not shaken his conviction that organ-grinding is still the best job for him.

Once he dreamed of opening a little restaurant. Somehow, though the years have been as fleeting as the melodies he casts to the winds, and he has never accumulated sufficient capital. His friends say he is not quite as poor as he looks. A few remnants in Little Italy suspect Joe has hockey stockings full of silver buried in a back yard. But most of those who've known Joe since he came from the old country wouldn't swap their savings for his.



Coins from high office windows reward Joe for his programs of muddled music.

In rain, snow or blistering sunshine, when organ-grinding is unprofitable or impractical, Joe proves he is no sloth. To buy his spaghetti he goes errands and cleans out cellars for storekeepers, does chores in a bakehouse, or takes casual pick-and-shovel work. But as soon as weather permits he returns to his hand-operated automatic street piano—which most people prefer to call a barrel organ.

Joe's one big reason for organ-grinding is his impatience with bosses. He likes to work when he feels like it and not when he is told. The word "boss" crops up so often in his conversation that you can feel his loathing of it. He has even extended the term to many people who do not normally qualify for it. The landlord of his crumbling lodging house on Chestnut Street, Little Italy's main drag, is a "boss." The window cleaner in Little Italy is a "boss." The doorman of the Maclean Hunter building on adjacent University Avenue is a "boss." Almost everybody who works regular hours for regular pay is, in Joe's eyes, a "boss." And he shrinks from them.

When speaking of his prospects Joe pats the old barrel organ and says: "I grind 'er till she bust and then see wot appen."

She might bust any time now. The organ hasn't been fitted with a new roll of tunes for fifteen years. Although Joe oils and cleans its innards as if it were a watch and tunes it until all the neighbors think they will go crazy, he fears it will not be long before the flying hammers, under the stress of that most rigorous number, Oh! By Gee, By Gosh, Oh-By-Jingo!, burst forth from the frame in a last desperate diapason, fly through the air like shrapnel and rest ruinously forever in the gutter.

A major breakdown would be a catastrophe since Joe can do only minor repairs. He has given up trying to get spare parts. He has written to Italy, England and the United States for new music rolls. But, as he says, "All finish. Nobody make nothing no more. Everybody forget how she work. *Tutto finito!*"

The organ he plays today is, he believes, the last of its kind on Canadian streets. Before the war there were eighteen in Toronto. But Joe says most of them are now on scrap heaps or standing as a novelty in some rich boss' rumpus room.

Neither the radio nor the phonograph killed the barrel organ. It was prosperity. Men like J. Capero, of Philadelphia, who made Joe's organ thirty years ago and sold it for four hundred dollars, have faded out of business. After all, they flourished on poverty. It is not that people don't want to hear the barrel organ any more. Most do. The barrel organ is almost extinct because nobody wants to play it. Everybody has a job. Everybody wants to be a boss. Everybody, that is, except Joe Ferrari.

Ever since he came to Canada, Joe has been a slave to his music. Because of this he has lost many things which others cherish.

He has lost, for example, that euphonious Christian name Giuseppe which his mother gave him when he was a squirming *bambino* on the slopes of Vesuvius. Even the Italian-Canadians find "Joe" easier.

He has lost his chance to improve his worth in the labor market by learning comprehensible English. An organ-grinder is socially unacceptable beyond the borders of the Italian community where Joe's native tongue has always sufficed.

He has lost the huge handlebar mustache which once was the delight of kids who tagged it while Joe cried "ting ting" in imitation of a streetcar bell. Bushy whiskers don't go with a running nose and hands too blue and twisted to fumble overmuch for a hanky.

He has lost his wife, today a woman of property, after many vain attempts at reunion. Now, at evening, he returns alone to the little ramshackle one-story boardinghouse kept by Dick Fetterell on Chestnut Street. Mrs. Ferrari, who made a little money buying and selling houses, believes organ-grinding is no longer a suitable profession for her spouse.

He has even lost his own barrel organ. A wealthy B. C. woman persuaded him to part with it for a hundred and fifty dollars outside Eaton's one day. For the past few years he's rented one belonging to Michelangelo De Cicco, a retired organ grinder who now lives with his grown-up children on nearby St. Patrick Street.

Almost twenty years have gone by since Joe lost his monkey. It, but a music lover and was destroyed by the police. Ever since then Joe has grown less bizarre and more drab.

You might think on looking into Joe's watery light blue eyes and seeing there the shifting emotions of suspicion, remorse and apology, that he had even lost his self-respect. But that is far from true.

Joe has merely lost his place in

Please turn next page



society. He knows some people look down on him and, after four decades, the cumulative stadium has worn away his outward pride. Indeed, it has given him an aura of guile. His uneasiness in the presence of English speaking people, whose culture has never scratched him, takes on acute forms. When enquiries were being made about Joe for the purpose of this article he was convinced for several days that the police were on his tail.

But Joe has nothing to fear. At Toronto's No. 1 police station, which keeps vigil over Little Italy, they say Joe has never been in trouble in his life and describe him as a law abiding and well respected citizen.

Joe has a set weekly routine. On Monday he stays home and mends his socks and washes his clothes. On Tuesday he plays the organ on Jarvis Street, Toronto's red light end. CBC quarter. On Wednesday he drags his seven hundred and fifty pound instrument along University Avenue, a broad sweep which sidewipes Little Italy on its way up to the Provincial Parliament Buildings. On Thursday he goes downtown, timing the clockwise circling King Street. On Friday he plays to the Jewish garment workers on Spadina Avenue. On Saturdays shoppers parading on Toronto's swanky Bloor Street hear him. On Sunday he leaves the organ in a little shed behind Michelangelo De Cero's house, and goes to Mass at Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church, on St. Patrick Street.

His appearances are so regular that when he fails to turn up at precisely 8 o'clock on Wednesday mornings outside the building where this magazine is published the employees, without even looking out of the window, know it is either raining, snowing very hot or very cold. When it's dump but won't play because humidity spoils the tone of the organ. When it's hot or cold, but won't play because it's too uncomfortable.

On a good day, he says, he makes between four and five dollars. Most of his friends believe this is a deliberate understatement. One of his best friends, Freddie Roncetti, who keeps Freddie's Coffee Bar on Gerrard Street, says: "You'd never get it out of him how much he makes. But it's very little. He can always use a buck. He doesn't get a job every day when he's not playing, and he has to hide himself or the blank days."

A Humorist Heated a Coin

Joe's favorite day is Wednesday. He runs through his program once each for the Muloon Henter building, the Hospital for Sick Children, the Toronto General Hospital, the Alexandra Palace apartment hotel and the Parliament Buildings, all on University Avenue. In each of these big blocks he finds a heavy concentration of patrons, and thus picks up pennies in short sharp showers. The coins fly so fast that in keeping his eye on them as he goes on grinding, Joe's head snaps around like that of a terrier suddenly confronted with a dozen rabbits. Nickels and dimes roll all over the road, and as each comes to rest Joe fixes its location in his memory so he will be able to pick it up after the show.

Nothing interrupts the twanging music but a fifty-cent piece. Joe knows that when one of these bonus-size coins lands on its edge from five stories up it will bounce three feet into the air, and go ringing off down the street beyond his view. So as soon as he sees a flier, his coin twinkling down, he stops the music, suddenly and executes a sort of anxious elephantine solo ballet to get under it and catch it. Then he pockets the fifty cents, runs back to the organ, grins apologetically up at his audience and starts grinding furiously, as if to make up for lost time. Joe has seen too many fifty cent pieces go down gratings to chance any restraint when one comes his way from an upper window.

The most nerve-racking experience Joe has ever had collecting was one day when he played outside a factory in west Toronto's Parkdale. Large glittering discs came one at a time out of a top-floor window, looking like a miniature fiend of half dollars. As each appeared Joe stopped the tune so he would have both hands free. But as it left coin hit the ground it seemed to vanish. Joe finally discovered he was playing to a jeweler's apprentice who was dropping watch glasses that broke into invisible fragments on the pavement.

Many of Joe's patrons have a similar sense of humor. One of them, for example, dropped him a genuine half dollar which had been heated to a fingers-searing temperature and brought from Joe a series of explosive ejaculations. Another had a good supply of big English peanuts which he wrapped in shiny paper and projected tactically from different windows, at different times, just to hear Joe rage.

Joe is sublimely indifferent to the titles or the composers of the tunes he plays. "Once," he says, "a man gave me a list of songs but it got lost. Every body ask me the names. But I dunno. Who care about names anyway?" Joe would give a month's spaghetti to get his hands on a roll of modern pop songs.

In Little Italy itself Joe is appreciated purely for his menu and not for his oddity. The old folks sit on kitchen stools outside humble down brick houses and tap their knees nostalgically as the lilting melodies bring memories of Italy seen through the morning mist.

About ten years ago Joe was so ignorant of the world outside Little Italy that when a man asked him to come and play at a garden party in Hamilton he set off on the morning of the date not realizing that Hamilton was forty miles west. As he dragged the organ along No. 2 Highway, asking nervously in broken English for Hamilton, he found to his amazement he still had thirty miles to go and would never make the party. He went to Hamilton anyway, just for the trip. He played all the way there and back and slept under the organ in a field at night. He was gone a week. But he's been leery of out-of-town dates ever since.

Occasionally some affluent Rosedale resident persuades Joe to haul his instrument a mile or so over the Sherbourne Street bridge and play at a party.

Once Toronto had eighteen organ-grinders but now Joe, his monkey long gone, walks alone.



There's one big high-class man I play for every Christmas. He always dresses up just the same. He's an Indian and he keep a big knife in his mouth all the time.

Joe can't remember how often he's taken his hurdy-gurdy up the baggage elevator at the Royal York Hotel to play for cocktail conventioneers.

Not once in forty years has Joe ever been charged with obstructing traffic, a normal business risk in his profession. Nor has he ever been involved in a collision. The only time he's had a narrow escape from a road accident was once off Yonge Street when, on his way to a children's party, he decided to risk a short precipitous hill. Joe has found that when he's between the shafts it is better to pull his organ like a horse rather than push it like a Cockney barrowman. On this occasion, however, he wishes he'd reversed the procedure. The weight of the seven hundred and fifty pound machine and the law of gravity were almost too much for him. By the time he got to the bottom of the hill he was galloping at twenty miles an hour to save himself from being run over. He almost went over a second rise before he pulled up. He had to sit on the shafts for nearly ten minutes to get his breath back, and *Mama mia!* How his feet hurt!

The worst insult Joe ever suffered was when he pulled his organ four miles up several steep grades to a house party in Forest Hill, only to find the occupants had forgotten the engagement and had moved their party elsewhere, leaving Joe to fare locked doors.

The only English Joe can read is a race card and many people in Little Italy swear by his selections. The race card always gives Joe a chance to make his one big English joke. Whenever he sees the name of a horse called Cease Line he knows perfectly well how to pronounce it, but instead he calls it Gasoline and then looks hard if nobody laughs.

Until five years ago he was the star lawn bowler of the Circolo Colombo, an Italian club attached to Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church. But now he has arthritis in his feet and hands. He goes twice a week to a clinic for treatment and, since he has no insurance, the money for this comes out of his organ grinding and odd jobbery.

A Reckless Shimmy in the Gutter

Occasionally Joe, tiring of his bachelor life, goes to see his wife from whom he is amicably separated. When she tries to persuade him to give up organ playing Joe gets angry.

"I give up the organ and what do I get?" he says. He clenns his throat horribly and then explodes: "A beast!" He'd rather be a slave to the tyranny of his barrel organ than to the tyranny of an eight hour day.

One day last December, as heavy snows began to fall on Toronto and blight Joe's chances of enough Christmas money to buy himself figs, almonds, chicken legs and a flask of good imported Chianti to brighten his festive spaghetti, he was struggling up the street to meet a playing date.

Two women passed and, looking scornfully at him, one said: "There is absolutely no need for that sort of thing these days. There's plenty of work for a willing man. However, I suppose we might as well give him something."

Joe didn't hear them, yet he must have sensed their attitude. When they held out their dimes Joe shook his head. Flushing somewhat the women tried to force their alms upon him.

"No," said Joe. "No play, no pay. You wait round corner and listen awhile to music. Then pay."

One of the women said tartly: "I'm afraid we haven't time for that."

Joe shrugged and cleared his throat. The woman shuddered slightly and walked on.

But quite a few of Joe's regular listeners adopt a possessive attitude toward him. Maybe the real bars of his rolling introduction to a long forgotten operetta, seeping through brick walls, revive in them memories of storybook street scenes that glow dimly and appealingly once a week in the grossly concrete city.

Joe was grinding away on Edward Street one crisp day just before Christmas when a black limousine pulled up beside him. A furred woman climbed from the car, presented him with a five dollar bill, shook his cold hand, wished him Merry Christmas, then drove off.

Joe looked hard at the bill for a moment, then folded it carefully into a pocket inside his rugged coat. Then the organ leaped into Oh By Jingo. By Jingo its whole score hundred and fifty pounds executing a reckless shimmy in the gutter as the first flakes of another snowfall swirled about one of the last of the organ grinders. ★

Sweet-Course Specialties

to play a big part in attractive menus

Do you know how glamorous a crispy golden topped pudding can be? You will have if you make small sweet sandwiches that will float to the top of a custard mixture and bake with a sprinkle of sugar and toasting nuts on top? Or a custard with fluffy bread crumbs, fresh rhubarb and preserved ginger to make the whole thing irresistible?

Make your first impression a delightful impression. A dessert such as one of these expensive puddings can charm the entire family and everyone from the table setting, your praises.

Here are two puddings that offer everything—they are treats but at the same time they do a serious job of rounding out the whole meal with important needed food. The milk, eggs and baker's bread team together to supply important tissue building proteins and bread, however used in your dishes is always a valued source of energy.

Let baker's bread help you still especially fine dishes with hospitality spells with effective variety for your everyday menus. Tender white loaves, nutty flavored whole wheat and cracked wheat, rye breads, sweet tinted breads and buns—these can all help give your meals a fresh and lively appeal—and at such happily low cost.

Hail the Baker!

... for such goodies as these



You feel like cheering when you see the eye-filling display of goodies your baker has to gladden those three meals a day! Variety that really *makes* a menu—such as spicy, fruity *Raisin Loaf*—a taste thrilling *Coffee Ring*—and delectable *Assorted Cookies*. Give yourself and your menus a break—choose something tempting for each meal from your baker!





Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

MAPLE-WALNUT BREAD CUSTARD

This maple flavored custard pudding, with just enough bread to give delicate body and still leave free custard to separate, will look when served warm with pouring cream. The walnut sandwiches instead of plain bread make this an unusual and extremely good dessert.



4 slices bread (¼ inch thick)
Soft butter or margarine
6 tablespoons chopped walnuts
2 eggs
½ cup maple syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk, scalded
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon granulated sugar

Cut slices of baking, 3rd Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Trim crusts from bread slices, spread slices on one side with soft butter or margarine and make into two sandwiches using 3 tablespoons of the chopped walnuts as filling. Cut each sandwich into four squares and arrange in prepared baking dish. Beat eggs slightly, stir in maple syrup and salt, gradually stir in scalded milk, then the vanilla. Strain custard into the baking dish. Sprinkle top with the granulated sugar and remaining 2 tablespoons walnuts. Place in a large pan and surround with hot water. Oven poach in preheated oven until set—about 50 minutes. Yield—5 servings.

GINGER-RHUBARB BREAD CUSTARD

We use coarsely crumbed bread—a day or two old—for this pudding which will particularly please lovers of ginger. Both flavor and consistency are delightful.



1 egg
½ cup granulated sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 cups coarse soft bread crumbs
1½ cups finely-diced raw rhubarb
1 to 2 tablespoons cut-up preserved or candied ginger
½ cup chopped cream nuts, optional
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Grease a baking dish. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Beat egg slightly, stir in sugar, salt, milk and vanilla; bread crumbs, diced rhubarb, ginger, nuts (if used) and lemon rind. Turn into prepared baking dish, dot top with butter or margarine. Place in a large pan and surround with hot water. Oven poach in preheated oven until set—about 1 hour. Yield—6 servings.

Brilliantly NEW for '52!



Illustrated — Chevrolet Bel Air

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CHEVROLET

The Only Fine Cars
PRICED SO LOW!

Take half a minute and find out some straight facts about this '52 Chevrolet — brilliantly new, excitingly new in many wonderful ways

Style Smarter trimmer looking, as you can see for yourself. Notice particularly the striking new grille and the design detail of front and rear fenders. Over all appearance — most like the most costly cars.

Colors Brighter solid colors and two-tone color combinations, with more to choose from! Still better interiors. All of the De Luxe sedans and sport coupe are *color matched* in two-tone blues, greens or grays to harmonize with exterior colors. Chevrolet's Royal Tone Styling is brand new for '52.

Smoother Running You'd hardly know the engine's in the car! New Centerpoise Power screens out engine vibration and power impulses, isolates them from the body. Engine rides in flexible suspension — centered, poised, cushioned to rubber.

Softer Riding You notice the difference in how rested and relaxed you feel after a long drive! New Quick Reflex shock absorber control is immediate and continuous — irons out bumps. Famed Knee Action ride is now smoother than ever.

POWERglide Gives Unmatched Driving Ease! Chevrolet first in its field with a completely automatic transmission again offers you finest no-shift driving with proved Powerglide. It's extra-smooth, extra dependable — out-dates the clutch pedal entirely! Optional at extra cost on de luxe models. Powerglide costs less than you might think *and* it assures you a much higher trade-in value, protects your investment! Ask your Chevrolet dealer!

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

New Royal Tone Styling
Smart design, radiant car [illegible] and dimension color matching [illegible] tones into Royal Tone Styling to the low price field. Chevrolet for '52 is slightly more beautiful than ever — but [illegible]

Exciting New Exterior Colors
Widest choice ever! Wonderful solid colors and two-tone color combinations [illegible] sparkle to the most all-beauty [illegible] Styling. New [illegible] But [illegible]

Harmonizing Color-Matched Interiors
Harmonizing interiors in two-tone blue, green or gray are offered in De Luxe sedans and sport coupes. The Bel Air Convertible and Station Wagon offer other exciting interpretations of Royal Tone Styling.

New Centerpoise Power
Engine vibration and power impulses are screened out — isolated from driver and passengers. Engine rides flexibly supported between rubber cushioned mountings — centered, poised, balanced for greater stability.

New Improved Power-Jet Carburetion
Smoother acceleration has been achieved by more efficient control of fuel flow. Carburetion on Powerglide models with 105 h.p. engine features new Automatic Choke for surer, smooth starting under all conditions.

New Softer, Smoother Ride
[illegible] ance Action ride is now softer, smoother than ever. New Quick Reflex shock absorber action brakes [illegible] ing control immediate and [illegible] out. Back seat and front seat passengers enjoy new comfort.

Oil-Smooth, Oil-Cooled
Combined with 105 h.p. engine and new Automatic Choke Powerglide alone in Chevrolet's field is *oil smooth* with no jerks or surges — *oil cooled* for long life. Optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

Trend-Setting Valve-in-Head Engine
One by one other cars are following Chevrolet's lead — they're going to valve-in-head. But only Chevrolet can produce the Chevrolet Valve-in-Head engine — improved and refined by nearly 40 years of development.

Extra-Easy Center-Point Steering
Control is *centered* between the front wheels, giving a smoother feel to the wheel on road bumps at 100. Chevrolet is surprisingly easy to steer, park and manoeuvre. Even at low speeds little wheel effort is required.

Extra-Safe Jumbo-Drum Brakes
Powerful brakes — with big 11" brake drums — apply more *leverage* for more stopping power. Make for smoother, safer stops with less driver effort. *Bonded* brake linings [illegible] almost *double* lining life.















Perfumed with a mild fresh fragrance

This is what you voted for—Sani-Flush with a mild fragrance that leaves bathrooms extra fresh. Removes dirt, bowl spots, ring clean. Sani-Flush works chemically—no messy scrubbing. Cleans thoroughly... even the stain you can't see. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto 1, Ont.

Sani-Flush



for a **REALLY CLEAN** toilet bowl

New FOR YOUR 1952 GARDEN



3434—New Giant Asters
Huge cut-and-come flowers on silky stems. Rich mixed colours. Will multiply. Gorgeous above Pkt. 25¢



5721 — New Hybrid Zinnias
Immense fluffy ruffled 4-inch blooms on Vigorous plants. Largest of all. Bright new colours after frost. Pkt 25¢

2510 — New Hybrid Tomatoes
True first generation hybrid with lots of vigor and excellent yields. Large thick walled fruit nearly meat chambered. Bright scarlet. Pkt (about 100 seeds) 25¢





4885 — Royal Exhibition Pansies
Mail new for famous for prize winning blooms. Giant blooms with best Canadian and English shows. Pkt 75¢

SPECIAL OFFER
ONE PACKET EACH OF ABOVE POUR OFFER 25¢

Complete Seed Catalogue free with first order with family lists. Seeds mailed promptly. Write for your copy today.

Kenneth McDONALD & Sons, Ltd.
32-34 Market Square ■ Ottawa ■ Canada

What the West Thinks Russia Will Do

Continued from page 17

was using its military initiative to build a substantial control over the West's economy. In fact since the end of the war the gyrations of its economy have largely been engineered by the Kremlin planners. The Communist threat against France in 1946 the coup of Czechoslovakia in 1948 the attack on Korea in 1950. These initiatives with periods of Kremlin inactivity and breast beating between. They have served the purposes of our own economy. Russia was giving practical aid to the Leninist theory that Communist triumph will come after the West's economy collapses.

The Kremlin also took steps to initiate discrimination to break the pattern of Keynesian inflation and Western reaction. It was decided to tackle this problem at base. This base being a build-up of the military strength from which flows political influence. Our enormous program therefore, involving pushed out as much as four of an expanding Russian attack so as to start to shake off Russia's influence group of the politico-military initiative.

The program is not easy. It is straining the resources of Britain, France and Italy to the breaking point. Yet the leaders of these countries are risking their political lives to carry it through. Inevitably leaders such have come to a crossroads of history. If peace is to be preserved for a generation at least, we must be able to negotiate with Russia on equal terms or better. This means we must negotiate from strength. Not moral strength nor ideological strength. The Russians recognize only military strength.

The success of this grand plan depends on whether we carry it through to the end. The Russians will try to upset the program by every stratagem at their command. As the economic strain grows tighter in the next year the Russians will doubtless make peace propositions of an enticing nature they will try to upset the rhythm of our carefully planned program of rising war production.

Even today the nightmare of the West's leaders is that Russia will suddenly reverse itself at the United Nations and make peaceful gestures that look genuine. Such a move would endanger our long range program would make it extremely difficult for relief from the economic strain.

That is why our leaders are wary in their statements about the prospects of peace, why they season their hopes with a sprinkling of fears. They feel it is necessary to maintain a sense of urgency among our people.

The real danger of war is danger which will increase in direct ratio to the buildup of armament and which will reach a highly sensitive point when our program is complete. Lies in the ignorance and isolation that surround the Kremlin planners.

Consider the sum of men who would control of the cream as politico-military instrument of the Soviet empire. We know practically nothing of most of them; they know practically nothing of us. Of the Politburo membership only three men have been outside of Russia: Stalin, Molotov and Ilyia (According to our best intelligence, Vishinsky is not a member of the Politburo (up here).) Of the three only Molotov has some knowledge of the West. Stalin's travels have been limited to Big Three conferences in Teheran and Potsdam. Beria travels have consisted of secret visits to Czechoslovakia and the Balkans for the purpose of organizing Soviet revolutions. The others have never met a Westerner (unless you count fellow Communists, Maurice Thorez of France and Palmiro Togliatti of Italy).

In this ignorance of the West lies the greatest danger of a world war nobody wants.

On the one hand we have the undisputed leadership of the West, the sensitive will of American people who are bearing the tremendous burden of a seventy billion dollar budget. By the end of 1951 they will have acquired the greatest armament in the peacetime history of any country, unless all Russia. Their armies, navies and air groups will have been stationed at strategic points all over the globe. They will be paying the highest taxes in their history to maintain this enormous military establishment and their standard of living will inevitably be forced down. In point of fact, destructive potential they will probably be the most powerful nation the world has ever known.

On the other hand we have the undisputed leadership of the Soviet empire, the ignorant isolated men of the Kremlin, accustomed to unassailed chessboard diplomacy unaware of the power, the validity or the temper of their American adversaries.

Now political leaders in the West believe the United States will precipitate a world war on the preventive theory. There are a few firebrands in American politics. The term "war party" has often been used, but as yet they represent no real political power and have no real popular support. Yet these firebrands will gain in influence as provocation piles on provocation and by the end of 1953 the situation, for this and other reasons, will be far more explosive than it is now. The ignorant men of the Kremlin ruling over their diplomatic chessboard may well engineer an incident which will set off reactions no set of diplomats, however talented, will be able to control.

This is the danger a Kremlin dictatorship playing by habit with the instruments of intrigue, treachery and blackmail, has military control with an incorporated powerful prepared America. It is a danger which has sown the seed of neutralism in France which has given Aneurin Bevan an importance out of proportion to his parliamentary following, and which has made the existence of U.S. atom-bomber bases in Britain so sensitive a point in the Commons debates.

But it has also given real urgency and purpose to the formation of a powerful European army working in close co-operation with British armed forces. Such an organization would have a different effect on the men of the Kremlin and would also put a mass powerful figure in the consultations of the Western allies.

In 1952 Russia plays on the diplomatic chessboard of her pleasure. In 1954 she will play it at her peril. ★

Give Generously

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



They Sometimes Murder

Continued from page 19

and yet they did not ask us for food.

To ask outright would have been a breach of good manners. One does not ask for food in the Barrens. It is automatically offered to a visitor on his arrival. But I was busy with some trivial chore. I greeted the visitors abstractedly and went back to my job while the two hungry men sat and waited with the most perfect patience.

Then one of them, Owlikiuk, saw a deer on the slope across the river from camp and he at once seized my rifle from its place by the side of the cabin and ran off to intercept the animal. He was gone well over an hour and long before he returned I had missed the rifle. Without thinking I flew into a rage and stormed over to the waiting Inuit, demanding the instant return of my gun. It must have seemed like an incredible display of bad manners and inhuman rage to those men but they humored me. Ootek smiled reassuringly and explained that Owlikiuk had only borrowed the rifle to kill a deer because they were all very hungry. Then believing he had adequately explained things, he began to chat cheerfully about the bad weather. I was not in a mood for amiable chatter. I was bad weather myself for I was thoroughly damned if any Eskimo who fell a casual urge was going to trot off with my treasured rifle under his arm.

Owlikiuk came back at last, using the rifle as a shoulder stick on which to sling most of the edible portion of the deer he had shot. The barrel was drenched in blood and the stock was scratched where it had banged against rocks. Owlikiuk flung his load to the ground and came into the cabin carrying the tongue and the brisket, the choice parts of the deer. He leaned the rifle against the door, handed me the meat and smiled pleasantly. And then I blasted him.

Poor Owlikiuk! During all the rest of the time I knew him he was never again fully at ease in my presence. After that day he approached me as if I were a potentially dangerous animal in his humored and placated constantly. Later on I did my best to remove the bad impression I had made but I never succeeded completely. Now, when I remember how the Inuinuit [illegible] these little things I can understand why I failed.

The Inuinuit bargain me or rather they never judged me for my infantile outburst of selfishness. But in the future it was understood that I was an unfortunate barbarian who was as wildly jealous of his possessions as a wolf bitch and her cubs. Once was an exhibition and I was at liberty to borrow and keep any possession of theirs I might fancy I needed. If I didn't care to play the game as it was played in the Barrens that was my privilege and I was not to be penalized for it.

The two unwritten laws I have mentioned are loosely outlined with all the laws of the land into a code of behavior known as the Law of Life. All of the distinctly Inuinuit manners and major restrictions which go to make up the Inuit are flexible and yet they impose barriers beyond which no Inuinuit tribesman does not dream of stepping. Very probably it is the flexible nature of the laws their open pass to individual interpretation and their capacity to adjust to individual cases, that accounts for the remarkable absence of what we know as crime in the camps of the Inuinuit.

Hundreds of stories have been written about the Inuit's name all Eskimos go by and which means literally "The Men." But all other Eskimo tribes refer to the Inuinuit by a name which means "the strange ones," although the word Inuinuit itself means "people of the place of rolling plains" or "of the little hills."

Of all these stories written about the Inuit as a whole the majority have dwelt with a morbid and smug satisfaction on the Eskimo traditions from the moral codes we white men have developed. Tales of cannibalism, wife sharing, murder, infanticide cruelty and theft appear with monotonous frequency in Arctic stories, where they not only serve to supply a sensational element but also provide the popular justification for the intrusion of the self-righteous white man who would destroy the laws and beliefs of the people to replace them with others which have no place in the land.

Take murder as an example. If you examine the RCMP reports for the last twenty years and compare the number of murders committed by Eskimos with the number of murders recorded in a corresponding armoured segment of any province of Canada or any state of the U.S. you will discover that murder is a rarity in the Inuinuit camps. The so-called Eskimo murders were not murders at all but mercy killings dictated by dire necessity. Of the homicides which remain, most are concerned with the killing of white men when the murderers were under implied or direct threats from the visitors. Threats which brought an unreasoning fear to the Inuit, for they were threats which could not be understood by the Eskimo mind. I do not know of a truly native case of an Eskimo killing a white man for motives of

Never Before!.. WALLS THAT LOOK SO LOVELY SO LONG



it's MURPHY PAINTS' NEW RUBBERIZED WALL FINISH

Petal Tone Satin

VELVET LIKE IN SMOOTHNESS — RUBBER-LIKE IN TOUGHNESS

Easy to apply with brush or roller... genuine rubber base... dries in minutes... completely washable. Never before has there been a paint with so many wall-wonderful features as Murphy's rubberized Petal Tone Satin. This exciting new beauty treatment for walls and ceilings glides on with amazing ease. Admire the fashionably smooth rubber like surface that will not crack or rub off... retains its rich sheen even after scrubbing! See the Petal Tone Satin carnival of colors at your dealer's today!

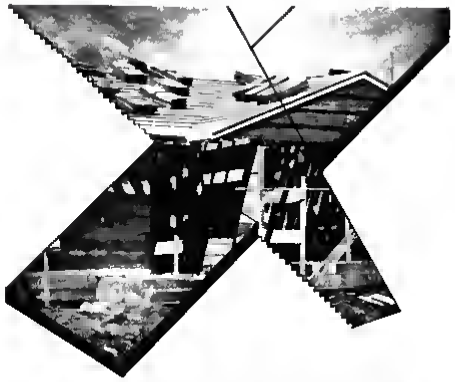
- No Objectionable Odor
- Glides On With Amazing Ease
- Uniform Appearance
- Beautiful Medium Colors
- No Sealer Required
- Unusual Coverage

Approximately **$2.20 quart**
$7.25 GALLON
(Western prices slightly higher)

THE MURPHY PAINT COMPANY LIMITED

MURPHY PAINTS Spreading prosperity

THE MURPHY PAINT COMPANY LIMITED
Advertising Dept.
2746 St. Patrick St. Montreal
Please send me a Petal Tone Satin COLOR CARD ☐
Please send me your Color Symphony Booklet, MAKE YOUR HOME A PICTURE. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs ☐
Name ...
Address ...
... MM 1



House traditions are an important part of national culture So says John Duncan in an article telling why Western Red Cedar, combining unique advantages of warmth, beauty and durability, has most to offer in the development of truly Canadian homes You'll want to read "The Canadian House — of Cedar," appearing in the March issue of Canadian Homes and Gardens and Western Homes and Living

B.C. COAST WOODS

810 West Hastings Street Vancouver 1 B C

STAND-BY

Kohler plants 750 watts to 15 KW take over critical loads automatically when storms or accidents cut off central station electric power Used by homes farms hatcheries greenhouses hospitals processing plants police and fire departments schools stores theatres, refineries and pipelines

KOHLER ELECTRIC PLANTS

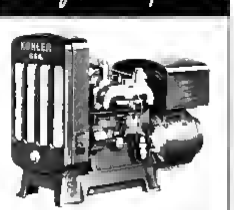
Independent Source of Electricity

SOLE SOURCE

models 150 watts to 15 kW for light and power for farms country homes heating and fishing camps oil drilling rigs pipe lines, boats,

PORTABLE & MOBILE

models for power saws drills sanders pipe threaders and cutters bridge and tool trimmers public address systems, excavators, drag lines trailer concession and lunch trucks trains buses Write for folder 8-G



Model 5561 5KW, 115/230 volt AC Automatic stand by Length 40" width 17" height 26

Sold and Serviced by Flading Tractor & Equipment Co Ltd Vancouver B C Power Electric & Equipment Co Ltd Calgary Alberta Tibbits Electric Ltd Regina Sask A A Murphy & Sons, Ltd., Saskatoon Sask Mumford Medland Ltd Winnipeg Manitoba Geo W Crothers Ltd Leaside Toronto Ontario Williams Hardware Co Ltd., Kenora Ontario Masseys Canada Ltd Montreal Quebec Austen Bros Ltd Halifax Nova Scotia Tractors & Equipment Ltd., Fredericton N B Newfoundland Tractor & Equipment Co Ltd St John's Newfoundland Moore's Electric Whitehorse Yukon Territory Hudson's Bay Company Fur Trade Dept Northwest Territories

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin Established 1873

KOHLER OF KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

arming of all game but only from motives of self defense mistaken or real The basic motivation of such killings has always been fear

There are other causes for the rare murders which are committed and of these blood revenge must be mentioned though this not only a very few outbreaks cases of it in all the annals of the north Duress, for the rest of the killer who runs amuck in the grip of a strange malady called Arctic hysteria This form of temporary insanity is of diverse and recounted to the Eskimos. In the past few years there have been several killings of this kind in the United States and Canada and in many cases these resulted from a religious mania How ever many of derangements among Eskimos are seldom traceable to the native religious beliefs of the Innuit

The most notorious case of a mass killing among the Eskimos followed hard on the visit of a missionary to a native village When the RCMP investigated rumors of murder in the village they found that one man who had been impressed with English and by firmly conceived and misunderstood aspects of our Christian dogma had become extremely morose, and had finally gone mad He believed he was the reincarnation of Christ and while in encountered this last a wave of hysteria swept his village The madness murdered several people before he was finally executed by an old man who almost alone had remained aloof from the white man's religion and so to this case had alone managed to remain sane enough to deal with the murderer

The point I wish to make is that murder for motives of revenge or for other trade blood feuds is of no great moment to the mind of the Eskimo With them the killing of a man may be sanctioned only as a solemn to a lifetime where other men's lives are threatened In all the folk history of the Eskimos there exists only a handful of memories of homicide and most of these were brought about by the sole possible means of removing internal dangers which threatened the people as a whole. There is for example the case of one man who became mad during the long Arctic night and killed two of his brothers who believed were plotting against his life Then he threatened all those in the camp He was a victim of Arctic hysteria and he was himself killed only after a consultation of all the remaining men had resulted in the decision to destroy him for the good of the group

A Passion for Family

Infanticide is another tragic legacy of the missionaries and a stand by of unsentimental writers The tragedy is that it most certainly does occur and will continue to occur while there is need for it That is the point there is an inescapable need for it at times and nothing we can say will change the need nothing we can preach to the Innuit will eliminate that tragic necessity

The need for infanticide problem is the most terrible situation an Eskimo can be forced to cope with be it Eskimo

and the Ihalmiut in particular are passionately fond of their children Their young ones receive more deep rooted affection and are shown more tolerance and kindness than many of the children of our homes I've known To best children need to cause them to maturity is a passion I've struggled to the Ihalmiut that is to become they are much closer to the primeval drive toward reproduction of the species than we are But in spite of the love they bear for their offspring and in spite of this consuming desire to see children grow into men of their blood there are times when a more desperate emotion overwhelms the parents

To understand what infanticide really means in the Barrens you must first understand that in those hard lands all human life is valued according to a fixed priority system that may seem callous to us who can afford to oppose sentimentality to reality The unwritten order of survival places the most valuable member of the family group He is the provider and should he die it does not greatly matter whether or not the rest of his family lives through The immediate cause since they cannot live for long afterward without a hunter help (Plague and starvation have decimated their ranks leaving not more than two score survivors of a people who numbered more than two thousand less than half a century ago)

Next to the man stands his wife If there is more than one wife the young est stands next to the man From her womb the continuity of new life will be maintained Yet even she is not irreplaceable for there is a surplus of women in the land where many meet lose their lives simply in the course of their everyday efforts Old wives quickly lose their priority for their wombs become sterile and they can give birth more to their sex

The Greatest Sacrifice

The children must stand below both the man and the wife This is a cruel thing indeed but the cruelty is not the work of the parents It weighs more heavily upon them than it does on the children But new birth one orphan son and daughter and so their lines as long only in transient mouthfuls the whole wonder romance thrill and bitterness of children may be born again

The old people stand at the lowest point of the scale The arms whose arms are no longer strong nor the women whose wombs are no longer fecund these live on the fine edge of time with death always before them. When the hunter living and dying comes equal rating with everything engineers the coming of death the little aged ones must be prepared to go first to seek death voluntarily so the rest of the family may cling a little longer to life The gift comes seldom often natural death and often they die by their own hands. Suicide is not lawful in any eyes but as it comes to them it is a great and very brave solution but it is the old who free death must and who find it the hardest to do

Put coldly like this, the role played on the lives of men women and children seems like a harsh unnatural thing but there is nothing else to be done When our ears are brighter old people whose hearts are sons and daughters or game? Who but the wolves? Who else were the children who have not yet been weaned when the mother is gone? Only the wind and the snow When ten the wife feed her family when there is no man to bring in the meat of the deer? Only hens and the hard teeth of dying

The logic of the order of death in the Barrens is more inexorable than death itself and no unspeakable Yet there is well the Ihalmiut who when the time of decision is on them do not try desperately to escape the horror of seeing a loved one go into the night of the winter Love overcome logic Many families have perished because love was too strong in it logic save the lives of all but a few

Yet infanticide happens I have seen Oolak with his fourth child I met and I know his other three children did not live their first year to its end I have seen the overmastering devotion Oolak feels for his son and I have seen the frantic desperation which fills him when danger threatens the child But I should not like to know or feel what Oolak felt as he watched his first children die unable to help them in the face of the grim trickery death played upon him

Let the moralists peddle their worse to those who would think of the Innuit as barbaric and bestial people who destroy their own children Let them preach the white man's love which must be brought into the dark savage hearts of the Innuit But let them keep their sanctimonious mutterings from the ears of Oolak and those of his race, who alone know what it is to mean death in its work

There is a place in the great plains called the Lake of the Dead Child and on a promontory of this lake stands a small cairn of stones Through the interstices of the rocks you can see the tiny bones of a child and on the grave are the decayed remnants of many things robes of the best deer hide gifts of meat toys carved from scraps of wood and *kamiks* sewed for a child's foot with infinite care There are all things needful for the living for for the dead

Toys on a Lonely Grave

The story of that grave concerns a family of three who lived alone by the lake during a winter long past On a certain year the father was stricken down with a strange illness so that he was unable to complete his fall hunt and did not make a large enough kill to last through the winter It is told how the blizzards came early and began followed It is told how the dogs were eaten and how, at last, the women understood that only if she made her way her ten days travel on foot over the winter Barrens to the camps of her kinsfolk could her family survive.

The Ihalmiut do not say what the woman thought as she saw the decision she must make She knew she must go alone and could not carry a child with her She knew too that she could not leave the child behind her for her husband was too ill to attend to it and there was no food he could give it the child had not yet been weaned Nothing is said about the thoughts of the woman but it is told how she left their camp after coming to her decision The few scraps of food which remained she placed by her husband on the sleeping ledge and the child she placed under the snow

It took the woman nearly two weeks to reach the igloos of her people and for five of those days she walked in a blizzard She walked almost a hundred miles without food but she arrived safely at her kinsmen's igloos In a few days the dog team of her brother took her back to the shores of the Lake of the Dead Child Then sick man was rescued and lived In the years that followed this couple had many children and some of these still live in the land But each year while they lived the woman and her husband returned to the shores of the distant lake in the first days of spring and placed fresh clothing food and toys on the grave of their first born

Truly, infanticide does exist in the land of the Ihalmiut

There is also the crime of sexual promiscuity which is almost as abhorrent to the man who marry the World mile far places as in the crime of murder But I know from my experiences with the Eskimos that promiscuity in the world of the Innuit does not compare with its morbid prevalence in our lands. True erotic play among children is common but never hidden or driven out of sight to become something dirty and obscene Apart from this wife sharing as it is called is really the only manifestation of sexual promiscuity in the Barrens Women for hire clandestine sexual rapprochements plus thinly cloaked extra marital relations of those who have been joined by the Church all these belong to our race and not to the Ihalmiut Wife trading in the Ihalmiut way of life is a voluntary device which helps alleviate the hardships of the land To begin with only such cousins or other close friends would normally consider the exchange of their wives Contrary to popular opinion about Eskimos a stranger is not expected to leap into bed with the wife of his host That is a stupid lie with no basis in fact Well perhaps it *has* a basis in fact for many of the white men who have come to the land have demanded just such an arrangement and because the Innuit will go to great lengths to meet the wishes of a guest it has occurred

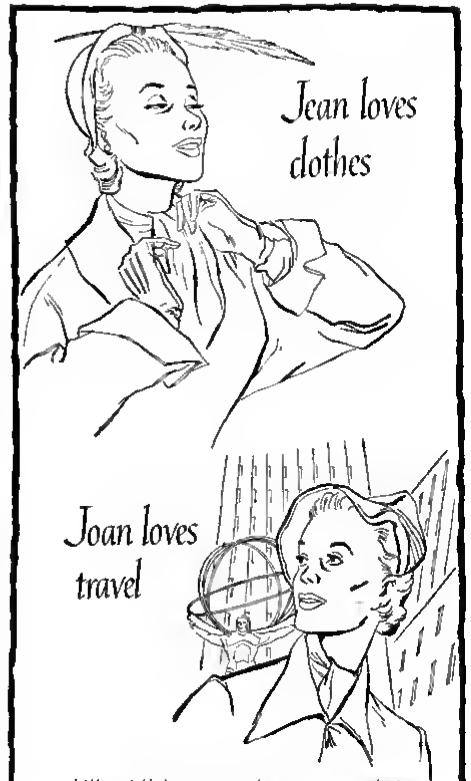
When a man must make a prolonged trip on a musk-ox hunt on a visit to a distant relative or for purposes of trading at some distant post he often leaves his wife at home because of the dangers of travel If there are children it would be foolish to ask either the wife or the children where there is no need But it happens that when the man arrives at his destination his song cousin may with the wife's full consent volunteer to share his wife with the visitor during the time of his stay

This is contrary to the law of the white man but to my unsettled mind it seems a perfectly sane arrangement particularly since there is no problem of illegitimate children in the Barrens nor any jealousy of paternity To the Ihalmiut the children themselves are what matter and a child from any source whatsoever is as welcome as any other child in the camps Paternity is unimportant A man who questioned the paternity of his child would be thought mad It would be the opinion of those in the camps that he ought to be grateful for the presence of any child. A child sired by a visitor is as much the son of the man of the family as the children he sires for himself

Now this may be unsatisfied behavior But is it as barbaric as our reprobation of bastard children who must bear the stigma of their parents' sins throughout their lives?

An for theft and dishonesty before the coming of white men the Ihalmiut were unaware of the meanings of these words Obviously theft can hardly





YOU probably have some special interest too—something could love or hate to do the same day

But we all know a budget will only stretch so far Today more than ever the secret is to plan ahead save ahead

Here are two practical suggestions

FIRST decide what you want most how much it will cost and open a special savings account at The Royal Bank of Canada for that one particular purpose Then save for it

SECOND use the Royal Bank Budget Book to keep yourself on a course and to avoid reckless spending The budget book does not suggest how you should spend your money It does provide you with a simple pattern to help you PLAN YOUR BUDGET TO SUIT YOURSELF. You can get a copy at any branch. Ask for one

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

You can bank on the "Royal"

Here's the ONLY cough drop...

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

are REALLY MEDICATED

with throat-soothing ingredients of famous Vicks VapoRub — plus other medications

All of these special ingredients are combined in every Vicks Cough Drop to bring soothing relief from coughs, husky irritated throats of colds or smoking.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE SO EFFECTIVE!

Quality and value

Eclipse

ASK FOR ECLIPSE HACK SAWS AND OTHER TOOLS OF QUALITY AT YOUR HARDWARE STORE

STOKES HAS IT!

GARDEN SEEDS

Stokes catalogue your complete reliable guide, a selecting vegetable and flower seeds for successful growing in your particular area. All the best of standard varieties, all the superior new types. You can be sure of success with Stokes seeds.

WRITE FOR IT Today!

STOKES SEEDS LIMITED ST CATHARINES, ONTARIO

occur in a land where the rules of ownership are those I have already described.

Unfortunately cannibalism like infanticide does sometimes take place. But if it can be called a crime to eat the flesh of the dead in order that death may not claim those who still live then our wives and every race has been guilty of that crime. Many expeditions of white men into the Arctic have come to know the same appalling needs which come to the Innuit and not a few of these expeditions have saved lives at the expense of the dead. Yet, though we condemn other peoples as cannibals we pity these men of our own race and we think of their acts as the ultimate bravery of which man is capable, for to force oneself to eat of the dead demands a courage few of us have.

I have spoken to an old woman who now lives near the coast and who in her youth survived a terrible winter by eating the flesh of her parents after they had died of starvation. The marks of that experience still lie on her though she is now three decades in the past. She is an object of sympathy to her people and is cared for and helped by all manner of men who have heard her grim tale. As for the woman she never received from the merest indecent she had faced. Though she lived on in the body in her heart death had taken her for full thirty years.

Amity in an Anarchy

Cannibalism does happen though rarely. The wonder is that it does not happen more frequently and that murder and cannibalism do not happen together. There is no doubt at all but that the eating of the flesh of the dead is as abhorrent a thought to the Ihalmiut as it is to us. The difference is that the massive decision must sometimes be made by the Ihalmiut while we are spared.

Now I have mentioned many of the crimes of which the Innuit as a race are accused by those who seek an excuse for interfering with their ways. The Ihalmiut who must share this condemnation, are only men after all and not infallible. Therefore there are deviations from law and there are crimes in the land; for no race of men can be free of these things. But there are also certain controlled forces which direct the actions of men and these forces keep the lawbreaking within narrow bounds. To understand these forces is to realize why the Ihalmiut have no need of our laws to maintain the security of their way of life.

There is absolutely no internal organization of authority. No one man or body of men holds power in any other sense than the magical. There is no council of elders, no policeman. There is no assemblage of government and in the strictest sense the Ihalmiut may be said to live in an anarchistic state for they do not even have an inflexible code of laws.

Yet they exist in amity together and the secret of this is the secret of an operative endeavor limited only by the powers of human will and endurance. It is not blind obedience or obedience dictated by fear. Rather it is intelligent obedience to a simple code that makes sense to those who must live by its rules.

Now and again a man may wilfully step over the borders of the unwritten law. Perhaps he may refuse to share his deer kill with a less fortunate neighbor. Let us look at the result.

Does the starving man revenge himself by killing the one who refused him and then take what he needs from the man he has killed? Not at all. He goes elsewhere for help and never by



HOW TO INCREASE CIRCULATION

Cover girls, I have discovered,
Sell more magazines, uncovered

Rose Haynes

word or deed does he show any overt resentment or anger toward the man who turned a deaf ear to his plea.

This is so because there are certain things the Barrens do not allow to coexist with men and foremost among these is anger. Anger in the heart of a man of the Ihalmiut is as potentially dangerous as homicidal madness for anger can make him overthrow the law and endanger not only himself but the rest of his community. It can lead him to ignore the perils which beset him and so bring him to destruction. Anger is a luxury to which they dare not indulge and, apart from these physical reasons for its absence, the Ihalmiut have always lacked upon anger as a sign of savagery of inhumanity or of inhuman nature.

Children alone are permitted brief outbursts of temper for a child is not held responsible for its actions. But when a man gives way to anger it is something of the deepest shame to the beholders for anger in the only really indecent thing in the land.

And so it is that a man who breaks the law is never punished in anger. The man who refused meat to his fellow may visit the camp of the aggrieved one if he wishes and he will be well received. The resentment felt against him will not be allowed to appear naked and so provoke an outburst of physical violence.

Not an Eye for an Eye

However, methods of punishment do exist. Should a man continuously disregard the Eskimo law of life then little by little he finds himself isolated and shut off from the community. There can be no more powerful punishment which can easily be fatal in a world where man must work closely with man in order to live. A small dose of ostracism usually brings the culprit to an acute awareness of his defects and he ceases to transgress the law. Thus while there is no overt act of justice or of social revenge nevertheless the object is achieved and the wrongdoer almost invariably returns into the community once again with no permanent stigma attached to his name. The law does not call for an eye for an eye. If possible the breaker of law is brought back to become an asset to the camps. His defection is tacitly forgotten and to all intents and purposes it never happened at all.

Such is the punishment for most major offenses. Minor offenses are dealt with by employing the powerful weapons of ridicule and the Ihalmiut are masters of the art. A man capable of doing his own hunting, but whose family must be fed by other hunters because he is lazy or simply indifferent is made the subject of the drum dance song and an object of biting laughter. Only a very callous man can face that sharp laugh for long. However he knows that when he returns to his duties the songs about him will disappear and, in time, all memory of the incident will be washed from the minds of the people by common consent.

On the other hand if a man is prevented from doing his work because he has been crippled or because he is one of those natural incompetents who hatches whatever he puts his hand to then the law makes an exception. In our society such unfortunates may become embittered or may even grow dangerous as a result of the treatment meted out to them. In the Ihalmiut camps those who are physically or mentally unable to cope with the problems of living are treated with inexhaustible patience and understanding. Poor dull witted Onrkwaw... for instance never managed to succeed in a single deer hunt during all the time I knew him. He tried hard enough but it was always someone else who had to keep Onrkwaw's family from starving. And yet as far as I know no one ever seriously rebuked Onrkwaw for being a burden to his people. True everyone made fun of his efforts to be a great hunter but this was good natured fun and Onrkwaw joined in it himself. He even seemed to extract some sort of compensation from being able to provide a source of amusement for the other men. He was the butt of innumerable good humored jests but he was never exposed to the bitter ridicule which is the punishment of those who are capable of obeying the law but who refuse.

Forgiveness from a Ghost

The only physical punishment in the Barrens is death but the death penalty is not the same as with us. It is not intended as an act of social revenge or even as a warning to other potential wrongdoers. It exists only as a means of releasing a man who cannot live in the land he has defiled or as a means of releasing the people from an added danger to their lives.

When a man becomes mad (and only a madman kills according to the beliefs) and murders or threatens to murder those who live about him, then and then only the sentence of death is invoked. There is no trial no affidavit passing of judgment. Perhaps three or four men, usually those most closely related to or most closely concerned with the murderous act and sprit indirectly of the problem which faces the entire community. One of their number is usually designated as the executioner. He is not an instrument of justice as we know it, for his task is not to punish but to release the soul of the madman from a physical life which can only end in agony of the flesh if it is prolonged. The executioner does his duty quickly and humanely for the idea of physical or mental torture is simply not known to the Ihalmiut. When the deed is done the executioner obeys the spirit laws and begs forgiveness from the ghost of the dead man.

If he is lucky and the white men do not hear of it that is the end of the matter. But in not a few cases Eskimos who have had the terrible task of destroying brothers fathers or sons so that the rest may survive have been brought to the bar of white man's justice and rewarded for the mental sufferings they have endured by being hanged by the neck until they were dead. ★

When Canasta Was the Craze

Continued from page 20

a concealed pair in her hand and sweep up the stack.

Mrs. Reilly traveled up and down the land like an old time circuit judge, enforcing canasta laws. The game arrived most places before the lawgiver got there. She found bizarre local regulations in force and when she tried to standardize play the players said "Oh we like it better our way." Mrs. Reilly sold out four more books on canasta one of which reached two hundred and twenty thousand copies.

To the winter of 1948 she was a guest of the railway Croesus Robert R. Young at the opening of his lobby Greenbrier water line in West Virginia, where she found the blue-blooded free landers hard at canasta. The editor of Vogue another guest asked her to elucidate the rules for the magazine. The article earned the game social acceptance.

At the Regency Club Mrs. Reilly taught canasta to Herbert Hoover Elsa Maxwell and Perle Mesta. Mrs. Mesta then the leading hostess in Washington soon had the basket game going in political and diplomatic quarters and when she went off to Luxembourg as ambassador was soon able to cable Mrs. Reilly that canasta was her first diplomatic triumph in the Grand Duchy.

At the meltingly elite Jockey Club in Paris they were soon playing canasta, but to Mrs. Reilly's dismay they made up their own rules. "The Parisians won't play a game right," she says astringently.

Canasta got an orthodox introduction to Britain through the English edition of Mrs. Reilly's book and she reported that Sweden adopted the Reilly convention by sending the Royal family autographed rulebooks. In Portugal and Brazil the game was termed *canasta* Portuguese for "fish basket." The park was called the catch and the discard pile was called the garbage. So much for Portugal.

Up to here our story has been rather romantic but canasta like babies did not come out of a cabbage. The attending obstetrician was a potent guild known as the Association of America Playing Card Manufacturers. But the doctor came unwillingly.

Playing card manufacturers are oddly enough an extremely conservative group. They give way slowly to any change and the gold that showered them from canasta had to be forced on them by retailers. The canasta epidemic spread rapidly without an organized commercial campaign to push it.

You needed two decks each with two jokers to play canasta. People smitten by the game went to the store to buy decks with two jokers in them and the retailers simply made up canasta decks out of two ordinary decks and charged double for the freak deck. The dealers howled to the manufacturers to make special canasta decks but it was almost a year before the major playing card companies answered the call. When their tardy gesture at last began to turn the card mills gave canasta a mighty push. During the heyday of the game the association distributed eight million free leaflets of the rules and inspired innumerable magazine articles and publicity stunts. In the peak year of the game one hundred million packs of cards were sold—representing a twenty five-percent increase in playing card sales.

The card experts leaped into the basket like cats. Oswald Jacoby, the bridge builder, wrote a one-dollar book called How to Win at Canasta which was the fifth best-selling book of 1949. Jacoby and other wizards stumped the continent giving lecture demonstrations in department stores. Jacoby made one thousand dollars a week in the bonanza period. When he appeared in a Toronto emporium hundreds of revering canasta players were turned away.

Canasta required a two-hole tray for the cards and dozens of plastic manufacturers stretched stamping them out of plastic heart-and-arrow shapes. An industry hummed on three shifts supplying canasta trays. Marvels of industrial design they were. Trays were crenelated to allow the fingers to delve to the bottom of the piles of cards. Some trays were wind-proof for outdoor play. Some trays revolved on ball bearings and cost as much as fifty dollars. Few examples remain because, after canasta was got under control no earthly use could be found for the trays. People who tried them as ashtrays found they were seldom usable.

After players had bought a rulebook, two fresh decks and the tray they discovered they had a hobby that required further auxiliary equipment. It was something like taking up skiing or photography: there was no end of additional equipment you needed. For instance a canasta player who had looted the whole discard pile had to have a hold it formation in a human hand that remained only five fingers. Maybe Hoskatonr the Magician could do it but most people couldn't take off from work to practice holding canasta hands. The manufacturers responded with a

THE BRIGHT WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY . . .



AT HOME

'Ever since I once tried to change a fuse in the dark I've kept a flashlight handy for emergencies and always use dependable "Eveready" "Nine Lives" batteries.'



AT WORK

'I always carry an "Eveready" flashlight in my truck. It's the safe easy way to change a tire, look for engine trouble or flag down help.'



AT PLAY

'What you can't see can hurt you! So I never go hunting or fishing without a flashlight and some "Eveready" Batteries.'

WITH NEW 24% LONGER LIFE*...



*According to A.S.A. Z 23 and 4 Ohm Gabriel Pulsate Tests.

Make your life easier and safer with Eveready Flashlights and Batteries. These amazing Batteries not only receive power between visits for longer life, they're now packed with 24% more power. Insist on "Eveready" "Nine Lives" Flashlight Batteries and get a bonus of 24% more hours of light.

"Eveready" "Nine Lives" and the Cat Symbol are registered trade-marks of

NATIONAL CARBON LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

EVEREADY TRADE-MARK

"NINE LIVES"

FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

FM2-52

Get More From Your Budget
WITH
MONEY-SAVING
TINTEX

Curtains, drapes, slip-covers, clothes made new looking for just a few cents

Your money goes further, your budget covers more when you let TINTEX bring new color and life into your home and your wardrobe. For nominal TINTEX is so quick, so easy to use, so dependable for ideal results. Guaranteed to dye every fabric except glass or metal. Sister to most shades at drug, department and variety stores. Get TINTEX today

IT'S EASY TO USE TINTEX IN YOUR WASHING MACHINE



Write today for free descriptive folder. Address: Tintex Dept. C-425 Ritus St., Verdun, P.Q.



WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TINTS AND DYES

For Quick Cough Relief, Mix This Syrup, at Home

You'll be surprised how an old-time cough can be relieved after you try this way! Nothing recipe universally used through out Canada. It is a trouble to mix and costs but a little.

Into a pint bottle pour 2½ ounces of Pinex, then fill up with granulated sugar syrup. It makes 16 ounces. Syrup is easily made with 2 cups of sugar and 1 cup of water, stirred a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey instead of sugar syrup. This makes four times as much cough medicine for your money. Never spoils and tastes fine.

Quickly you feel its penetrating effect. It loosens the phlegm, helps to clear the air passages, and soothes the irritated membranes. This explains why it brings such quick relief. Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients in concentrated form, well known for its soothing effect on throat irritations. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

FOR EXTRA CONVENIENCE GET NEW, READY-TO-USE, PREPARED PINEX



card holder that made the human hand obsolete. This device was put on the table in front of the player and had a capacity of fifty cards. It freed one hand for grabbing into the tray and allowed the player to pluck cards like a swan operating under delay. The card holder had a shortcoming, however. Your drinking companions could see your mitt almost as well as you could. The inventors designed a modified horse-blinder to strap on canasta players but before they could market it canasta evaporated.

Another problem of the game was how to find room on the table for all your layaways. A victorious player would strew melds far and wide and when it came to counting up an opponent could usurp your melds that overlapped his. Thus brought forth the canasta card table cover which provided forty-four numbered pockets in which each player could store his booty against piracy. By this time you had spent forty dollars. The end was not yet.

All this stuff did not leave room on the table for your glass of arrowsmith and ashtray. Great machines rose and fell evolving things such as glass and cigarette holders that clamped on the legs of card tables. The best of them would not cut your leg to the bone, but they could run your expandature on the game up to more than fifty six dollars.

One enterpriser for whom canasta opened new vistas was a New York advertising man named Paul Poutinen, who realized early that the game was a runaway. He resigned a good job and invented what he called the Mascot E-Z Score Canasta Pencil, a hollow cylinder containing lead and a revolving scroll upon which was printed the lure of the game and mathematical ready reckoner. You could peer through a window of the barrel and find the verse and chapter that you needed. Thousands of E-Z Score pencils found their way into the hands. Poutinen enlarged himself to become the Apex Products Co. producing many other boons to playing the game. At the climax of the fad Macy's department store in New York carried sixty three different canasta gadgets.

Canasta was doomed from the beginning because it overtaxed human architecture. It was a filing game for octopuses—perhaps—but canasta players didn't have enough suction cups on their arms let alone eight arms. This was strikingly apparent in the matter of shuffling. Physiologists claim that the maximum number of cards two average human hands can mix efficiently is five several decimal points under the fifty-two marked on a bridge deck. We had been strained to the tension point for years before canasta came along with its one hundred and eight cards.

In the first burst of enthusiasm many novices mixed canasta decks without thinking of the consequences. Then doctors noticed an alarming rate of Chorley horse of the Hackney splayed index tendons, irritability and the kang'n evil among canasta players. But man's ingenuity has met every challenge down the ages and stubborn engineers lurked themselves in their laboratories to solve the canasta shuffling problem. If the Russians could invent the electric lamp they said to themselves, free enterprise know how could iron out the bugs and break the battlenecks on canasta.

Technology was racing against time, however, and before the mock up of the mechanical canasta shuffler was ready for the production line its need had disappeared. Three traceable varieties of shuffling machines never-theless appeared on the market. ("Speed up your game! Let the kids play too. For even a three-year-old can work this shuffler. $3.95.") It was a rank adumbration of defeat. They had tried to produce a total handicapping boon to mink with the Dial-a-Drink cocktail shaker and had come up with a toy for the playpen.

Apprehensive playing-card manufacturers were retooling at the same time for the Mickey Mouse Jr. canasta set. ("Easy direction book for small fry canasta players. Cards sized to fit the palms of small hands.")

When infant cardsharps started feeding jam smeared Mickey Mouse decks into shuffling machines Ely Culbertson pulled out. The great bridge nuthatch turned out had been an unwary captive of the basket game all along. Mrs. Reilly and Jacoby had beaten him to the lawbooks and outsold his own tardy volume. When the solons formed the National Canasta Laws Commission they respected primogeniture and failed to elect Ely captain. Culbertson manufactured his extra jokers in a midnight ceremony and pronounced the last rites on canasta in the New York Times. It was a curious self-abnegatory act because the shuffling machine bearing his name came out that very week.

In his canasta obituary Culbertson blamed his apostasy on canasta itself as an easy-to-the-brain type of game. Canasta is to bridge what checkers is to chess, or what a popular lure is to a Bach fugue. He declared that "The outer fringe of players who abandoned bridge for canasta because it was too complicated are now flocking back to bridge because canasta is too simple and therefore boring. The burden of Culbertson's apologia was that he was only going along with the parade.

The card experts were frantically shifting with the trend and were trying to inject a hypo in the expiring game by ballyhooing Samba, a canasta game that required three decks. Mrs. Reilly got out a lawbook on Samba, and newspaper card writers were plugging El Diablo and Rumba. Two more triple-headed freaks. Things went so far in Boston that psychiatrists found some advanced cases trying to play with four decks.

Mrs. Reilly conducted a brave experiment in duplicate canasta along the lines of duplicate bridge, in which two or more tables are given the same prepared hands to see which players do best with the distribution. She found it easy to set up the dealt hands but when it came to starting the sixty four cards left in the pack in the center on five tables duplicate canasta was abandoned.

Canasta was not much of a gambling game. Law officers in righteous provinces usually permit only bridge to be played for money on the theory that it is a game of skill. Canasta was not classified as a game of skill as anyone who played canasta will agree. No card player with a grasp of liberal grade arithmetic would entrust his self to the wild probabilities of the basket game. The card experts tried to tout canasta as money players in 1949 by arranging a ten thousand-dollar match between two experts for a magazine story. The convenient feature of the giant match was that the loser did not pay, and was not expected to. He wasn't that crazy.

Canasta was popular in the home because of the very fact that it was fun without betting. The game was simple and the kids set in with the adults, until the results got up yowning and gave it permanently to the children. Canasta was a good mathematics lesson. Everything you did involved four figures and busy hours adding up the score. The winner with 6,730 points, was found to be only ten points ahead of the village idiot. The failure of the shuffling machines at the time the game disappeared discouraged production plans for canasta scoring machines.

In general, scholars conclude that canasta passed because:

A. It defied the human physique.

B. It furnished order the weight of equipment.

C. It made limited demands on the intellect.

D. It took too damn much time. (Time study experts found that 37.8, of the game was occupied in playing cards, 9.1% in shuffling and dealing and 43.2% in scoring and reshuffling.)

To sociologists the canasta contagion demonstrated an interesting social progression. It originated with peasants, was taken up by provincial society then the international *haut monde* and at the end spread back to Peoria and Main Kettle. (The same day that Ely Culbertson swore off the plebeian N. Y. Daily News hopefully proclaimed canasta as the new game for the multitude.)

Perhaps twenty million players were subjected to canasta at its peak. Where are they now? Unfortunately no comprehensive study was made and the opportunity has been permanently lost. However it is safe to say that they were people much like you and me who woke up the morning after the ball-pate and threw away all the jokers they found around the house. ★

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

For Canadian writers and Canadians who are interested in writing.

SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE — On sale March 12



GEOMETRIC FIGURE

Add funny thingz
That I've observed
A square meal tender
To make me curved

—Caroline Clark

Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEND OF THE RIVER. A fine big handsome Hollywood western in the great old tradition and resembling nothing so much as Stagecoach. It is not quite that good although it may take some such rating in the long run. James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy steal most of the honors as bad men gone straight in the great northwest. Well mounted, the action and general dialogue are among the most mature of this type of outdoor item.

CALLAWAY WENT STRAIGHT. A tepid comedy-drama about a gentleman who goes to the end of strange cowboy ways to retire the brooklet high-brow opinion of small fry. Howard Keel, Dorothy McGuire and Fred MacMurray are the cast.

CALLING BULLDOG DRUMMOND. Walter Pidgeon has the title role in this latest Bulldog Drummond thriller from the ugly pencil of the late Sapper. Most of the gentlemen thrillers are weak, but about a gang of ex-soldier crooks who are no less inept for Scotland Yard than their American counterparts. As a thoroughly polished Drummond, Pidgeon is better than ever, with Margaret Leighton again proving that both in accent and decorative.

DISTANT DRUMS. Strong in color Cinemascope. Gary Cooper and Mel Ferrer lead the men to battle the seminoles in Florida in the early days of 1840 and I'm not the man who will like walking out. Reg before the flesh of this latter adventure drama. There is, however, a fair amount of action, including an underwater battle fight between Cooper and a seminole. Some of it is real.

THE HIGHWAYMAN. Hollywood has not adapted Alfred Noyes' famous narrative poem about a girl's love, costume melodrama which might have been a fair picture. They did indeed provide it with the original.

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU. A dreary production which is a good 1933 film titled Berkeley Square with Tyrone Power and Ann Blyth as the star-crossed lovers. Ann is a Howard and Power is an Angel. It's about a murder, a blackout, a suddenly found himself living and working in the eighteenth century.

IVORY HUNTER. The title role young Earl Holliman seems to match it for sanctimony in a while-he-was-at-it-he-found-religion-in-Africa-before-he-got-religion picture.

MAN IN THE SADDLE. A Randolph Scott western on ballet rod and reel in the usual out of doors.

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT. The Ealing comedy makers have turned again with this shrewd, cerebral and hilarious object lesson about the ethics of a quite different gain drive and sense wasn't at all. Highly recommended.

ROYAL JOURNEY. Canada's National Film Board has done a first-rate job of recording and editing the flight of the court to cover will paid to all of low months ago by Princess Elizabeth and her fellow husband.

SLAUGHTER TRAIL. A good many old tunes belted gloriously long by Terry Gilkyson, Frankie Laine and Jerry Livingston in the service of a routine story of the Texas Rangers. Brian Donlevy, Gig Young and Virginia Grey are among the guests.

THE TANKS ARE COMING. A war action yarn that has both the tension energy and the service hoyhenry of the average gang paper novel. Steve Cochran is stirred on a cocky sergeant from the Deep South.

TOO YOUNG TO KISS. A Hollywood comedy somewhat coy in spots but in the main a fairly engaging light mess. It tells of a mature proved lady (Joan Allyson) who masquerades as a child half her age to advance her career as a concert pianist. Van Johnson is the latest of the Hollywood.

GILMOUR RATES

An Amateur in Paris. Mediocre. Top Aces of the Isle of Pines. Pretty fair.

Boomerang. Post drama. Fine.

Bright Victory. Drama. Good.

Browning Version. Drama. Excellent.

Come Fill the Cup. Drama. Good.

Detective Story. Crime. Excellent.

Elopement. Family romance. Poor.

I Lost Eugenia. Romance. Good.

Force of Arms. Love and war. Good.

The Guest. Religious short. Fair.

I Want You. Family drama. Fair.

Journey into Light. Drama. Fair.

Lavender Hill Mob. Comedy. Excellent.

Little Egypt. Comedy. Fair.

Mrs. Wilson's Cloak. Mystery. Poor.

The Mob. Comedy-drama. Good.

Mr. Drake's Duck. Comedy. Fair.

My Favorite Spy. Hope-Lamour. Good.

People Against O'Hara. Crime. Good.

People Will Talk. Drama. Good.

Pickup. Marriage drama. Poor.

A Place in the Sun. Drama. Tragedy.

The Racket. Crime drama. Good.

Red Badge of Courage. War. Excellent.

The River. Indian drama. Excellent.

Stendel Short. Prison drama. Good.

I Dream Too Much. Suspense. Excellent.

Stanley. Mad, mad monkey. Poor.

A Streetcar Named Desire. Drama. Excellent.

Too Late. Excellent.

Too Tall Mose. Adventure. Poor.

The Well. Suspense. Excellent.

The White Hood. Spy drama. Poor.

The man who said:

"My capital will last a lifetime!"



Let's meet Mr. Bill Brown—hard-headed, hard-working. No one knows how long his life will be. Mr. Brown can't tell, but he's trying to provide for his family's future needs. Life insurance is an intangible that many can't plan for. But tens of thousands of men who have planned their futures with confidence in Canada Life know that their capital will last a lifetime.

There's a calculated risk that Canada Life will take for your lifetime as many reasons why nothing takes the place of life insurance as your first investment consideration. Not only will your estate provide capital for your declining years but at the same time it will be providing protection for your family when needed. Your Canada Life representative will be glad to offer you advice about an insurance program to fit your needs. Why not get him a call tomorrow?

plan your future with confidence in

The CANADA LIFE Assurance Company


"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

NEW EXTRA EARLY
HYBRID
SUGAR PRINCE
SWEET CORN

FREE OUR BIG 1952 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK
DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

GOULD
BATTERIES

The Quality Battery "TELEVEL" Equipped



Letter From Jamaica

Continued from page [illegible]

Montgomery ... the ... it was ... that Montgomery ... fought a battle and by superiority in armaments and ... [illegible] Old Blood-and-Guts. That was ... Montgomery took a desperate gamble at El Alamein ... He commanded a ... and to win the battle that would ... pass from the spirit of defeat to the spirit of victory.

Napoleon ... were ... his ... again ... never understood sea power. He thought he could win everything on land but he couldn't. The Kaiser made the same mistake and so did Hitler. The British were wise: they ... their control of the seas ... that ... Waterloo.

That is why Russia has been trying for ... to find a warm-water ... But Britain and her ... always blocked her. When the Russians did fight a naval action against the Japanese they fought ... [illegible]. She ... to fight her way to warm water by ... the west. Her route will be through Burma and Indo-China.

Britain is a sea power and she should never forget it. So is America. So is Japan. Sea power ... is important as it was in the Napoleonic wars but now it means power on the sea, beneath the sea and over the sea. In other words submarines, ships and planes.

Then there came a swift change in his thrust of ideas. "One of the most important things in a war," he said, "is to know when you have won it." I thought of what a friend of mine had said to me that morning: MacArthur was dismissed from Korea because he was determined to win the war.

The general spoke to me on that subject and also on the situation in Washington but that was off the record. However I have little doubt that he agrees with what my friend said. But in developing his theories MacArthur made one very interesting comment. He claimed that when Montgomery's troops drove Rommel's army out of the desert and rounded them up in Tunis the allies should have realized the war was won. Everything they did from that moment should have had relation to bringing hostilities to a conclusion and ensuring the tactical position of the allies for the future. In other words Tunis should have pointed our thoughts to Moscow.

By this time MacArthur's delightful wife was waiting in the car downstairs and much to my regret the tempest of words came to an end. So I said good-by to this tremendous but enigmatic figure who as a cadet at West Point became engaged to ... and has since fought party campaigns in the field, a proof that he was doomed to high adventure.

He has been in the Orient so long that his mind has taken on something of the mysticism of the East. It is an ornate mind, more colorful than humorous, a persuasive mind that ... the listener by its ... rather than its weight of logic. No wonder the Japanese thought he was a god ... nor would MacArthur quarrel with that estimate. Call it conceit if it will make you happy, call it vanity if the word suits you better, but this is a man who bursts the seams of normal limitations. He understands ordinary men but he is not one of them. It would be a pose on his part to pretend that he is other than he knows himself to be. To maintain that position demands a certain sacrifice of modesty but Douglas MacArthur has made that sacrifice and does not complain.

Has he any future or has he reached the memoirs stage from which no man of action ever returns unless his name is Churchill? I make the prediction that sometime during the presidential election he will make an intervention which will be dramatic and important. Let me say at once that he gave no such intimation to me. In fact he scrupulously avoided the subject.

But Korea is not finished with Douglas MacArthur even though he is officially finished with it. He believed that the attack of the North Korean army, which incidentally he described as one of the finest fighting units he ever encountered, was a prelude to Chinese intervention and the development of a Russian-inspired war which would give Asia to the Kremlin. Therefore he prepared to strike at the Chinese before they could marshal their full strength. His plan was to hit them where it hurt in Manchuria. The reward he got was a suit of ... and an office in New York. The politicians had inflicted upon him a greater defeat than he had ever experienced in the field.

With his semi-Oriental mind the general believed the truce talks would go on indefinitely until China had her army in a condition to resume the battle. The politicians in Britain as well as America were shocked that MacArthur should take so low a view of human nature. How could we detach China from the embrace of Russia if we spurned her outstretched olive branch?

With all my heart I hope MacArthur was wrong. If in fact events prove that the politicians were wiser than the man of war then MacArthur's star will fade with the coming of the dawn.

But if he proves right, the shadow of Korea ... deep over America. The prospect of another year or two years of war will rouse the nation to fury not only against the Chinese but against the politicians who were fooled and lulled. At such a moment MacArthur's intervention could have a startling effect upon the presidential election. Those who think that he is an extinct volcano are fooling themselves. If events take the course which MacArthur believes inevitable then the lava of his anger will pour out in a devastating fiery stream.

Not for him the final spoken words of Hamlet: "The rest is silence." ★



Are the Schools Ruining Your Child?

Continued from page 13

this kind of competition is carried on in adult life the individual will make the best of his abilities and will do his share in making the world a better place to live in.

But the student will require all the discipline, training and inspiration the school can give to help him conquer the difficult and unpleasant tasks ahead. Educationists who heed in any degree the babbling of a prominent Toronto psychiatrist who once more has urged the abolition of all examinations, class standing, prizes, honors, and, of course, corporal punishment, will deceive the student and will not prepare him for the years ahead. They will give him the idea that life is a game, always easy, always happy. They are teaching a falsehood and they themselves are both stupid and dishonest if they advocate such procedures in our schools.

At this point I should like to make it clear I am not suggesting that the teaching methods of the dark ages of the 1900s be revived and introduced today—at least not in full. On the other hand when I hear an apostle of "progressive" education refer to the old school as a place of bribery and torture, I am annoyed and disgusted. I remember the village school where I spent my youthful days as a very happy place and looking back now it seems to me its faults were few and its virtues many. Its curriculum has been lightly tagged the Three Rs but it was far more than that. It trained us to read, to write, to figure, to memorize, to analyze and to think. It taught us to love books, to talk well and to know something of what had happened in the years before we were born. It held high moral values. It encouraged ethical thinking. It honored great men for good works and acts of selfless heroism. It stimulated our youthful imaginations. It urged us to believe the materialistic world had its limits and that ideals were worth while. It turned our eyes inward and upward. It aimed to produce mannerly men and women equipped with some degree of scholarship.

Who Is the Prime Minister?

Is the modern school turning out students of comparable attainments in knowledge or behavior? It is a shocking fact that the typical school graduate today spells badly, is largely incapable of writing a good English sentence, is ignorant of the simplest facts about his country and is completely muddled about the rest of the world. University authorities are becoming increasingly agitated over the lack of elementary school training in their first year students. At Toronto University professors of English have discovered that students are entering college with little knowledge of spelling or English composition. They have been forced to give a course in remedial English to many of their first year classes. I'm told other professors have discovered that many students with fine and inventive minds are often incapable of putting their ideas down on paper. The dean of a certain faculty told me recently that fifty-six percent of the students enrolled in his department in 1950-1951 failed in their first year. In Saskatchewan I understand steps are being taken to restore grammar to its rightful place in the curriculum. It seems that high-school teachers were not understood when they used technical words like "adjective" or "adverb." Their students did not know what an adjective was!

Not long ago a newspaper reported the results of a general information test given to prospective students of McGill University, Montreal. Many of these candidates for a university education did not know the name of Canada's Prime Minister. Some named Viscount Alexander, the Governor-General, others Maurice Duplessis, the Premier of Quebec, and still others thought Mackenzie King was still alive and in office. A majority of these young people, and please remember they were all graduates of secondary schools, could not name the date of Confederation.

Canadian universities are indeed complaining bitterly of the low academic attainments of secondary-school graduates. Yet to some degree they are responsible for these lamentable conditions because some members of their own faculties are openly advocating the very principles which are destroying discipline and scholarship in the schools.

If our schools are not producing scholars, are they turning out well-mannered young people? All the evidence seems to the contrary. A friend of mine, a bank manager, was traveling downtown by streetcar (standing up as usual in the nine o'clock crowd) when he noticed a feeble old woman standing beside him trying to maintain her balance while in front of her sat three great hunks of lads blissfully unconscious of anything being wrong. She continued to stand and they continued to sit all the way downtown. When she got off my friend said to the boys, "What kind of training have you had to remain seated


Walls — Red ... Wall top — Black Glossy. Shower Walls — ... Table — Finished Mahogany. All the Arborite. Fixtures by CRANE.

Beauty in the Bathroom with Arborite

The Wallboard Wonder of the Century

Dreams are coming true all over the country. In houses old and new The Bathroom Beautiful is appearing ... with colour schemes chosen by milady herself from more than 30 different colours and surface designs. Back of it all is Arborite, the hard surfaced, ultra-modern Decorative Wallboard that lasts and lasts and lasts! This modern plastic laminate swishes clean with a damp, soapy cloth and never needs patching or painting.

Your present bathroom and shower room can be transformed magically, inexpensively and quickly with beautiful permanent Arborite. Why not decide to do it now!

Available across Canada in 4' x 8' or 2'6" x 8' panels


Arborite in the Kitchen!

You'll love your kitchen when it becomes permanently modernized with Arborite. For walls, counter tops, splashbacks, table tops — Arborite is ideal. It won't chip or crack ... won't stain, discolour or be affected by grease, oil, alcohol, mild acids or alkalies. And it's cigarette proof, too!

INSIST ON GENUINE ARBORITE

Chatelaine Institute

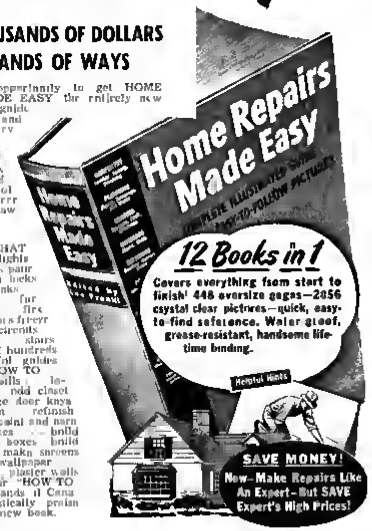
See your local lumber or building supply dealer or write for free illustrated decor plans folder to Dept. 130

THE ARBORITE COMPANY LIMITED
385 Lafleur Ave., Ville LaSalle, Montreal 32, Que.
Ontario Sales Office 159 Bay St., Toronto

Home Repairs Made Easy!

SAVE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS
THOUSANDS OF WAYS

Here's your sparkling new 2-volume reference library that takes apart and simplifies every step from start to finish! 2,056 pages, 1,111 easy-to-follow pictures, including hundreds of vivid, right-there "dimension drawings."



It shows you WHAT TO DO when—lights go out • glass pane breaks • door locks stick • roof leaks • plaster cracks • furnace smokes • fire backs up • pipes freeze • wiring short circuits • doors squeak • and hundreds of other helpful guides. It shows you HOW TO cut down fuel bills • install locks • add closet space • make door knobs • lay linoleum • refinish floors • mix paint and varnish for paint brushes • • • build window cornice boxes • build bookcases • make screens • hang wallpaper • convert attic • plaster walls and many other "HOW TO" features. Thousands of Canadians enthusiastically praise this wonderful new book.

2,056 EASY-TO-FOLLOW, HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES SIMPLIFY EVERY STEP!

Why do it the HARD way? Here are all the basic techniques and tested methods of carpentry, wood working, cabinet making—made as easy to use as ABC. HOME REPAIRS MADE EASY brings you the newest methods and shortcuts on interior and exterior work, helps you to save up to 50% on repairs. No special skills are needed, this great book will pay for itself many times over. If you are not completely satisfied with your copy of HOME REPAIRS MADE EASY return it within 5 days, prepaid and in good condition for a full refund. The book is luxury packaged in large size and is specially priced at only $6.95 delivered to your address.



LET US SEND YOU this wonderful idea book packed with the smartest and thriftiest ways to make your home more valuable. Purchased separately this 179 page book would cost $1.00. But if you act quickly you get it ABSOLUTELY FREE with the sensational new illustrated guide—HOME REPAIRS MADE EASY. You'll have to hurry for the supply is strictly limited.

Home Book Service
210 Dundas Street West,
TORONTO 2, Canada.

Please send me at once my set of HOME REPAIRS MADE EASY and the FREE gift book 101 WAYS TO INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME.

I enclose herewith my cheque for $6.95 in full payment. (Ontario residents please add 3% Sales Tax.)

Name
Address
Price
Please include complete label for two of your own name and address to prevent delay.

To
NAME
ADDRESS
PRINT FULL NAME AND ADDRESS HERE FOR PROMPT DELIVERY

FROM HOME BOOK SERVICE
210 DUNDAS STREET WEST
TORONTO 2, ONTARIO

BOOK WITH CARE

while that old woman stood. Why if I'd been in your place, I'd have been up on my feet like a shot!" They just sat and stared at him as if they thought he was a mental case. I couldn't agree with him, however that the boys were to blame. After all where would they learn the right behavior in such a situation? Certainly not in many of our schools.

My barber and my garage mechanic and my mailman all say the same young people nowadays have no manners. How many of them say "sir" when they address an older man? How many stand up when a woman comes into the room? How many say "please" or "thank you" or "I beg your pardon"? How many hold doors open for those following them? How many comfort themselves with decorum on the street and in public places?

The bad behavior displayed by too many of our young people is the direct result of muddled thinking about behaving, discipline and punishment. The idea that children must not be prevented from expressing themselves even though their conduct may interfere with the comfort and peace of others is in its fullest bloom in nursery schools. The directors and teachers in these institutions have so militantly spread these principles that they have been adopted by the unthinking heads of some public educational institutions. The temper tantrum of the three-to-five-year-old has become the boisterous, obstreperous rudeness of older students.

Obnoxious and unsocial behavior should be firmly banished from the beginning in nursery school and kindergarten. There would then be little difficulty in dealing with isolated cases of disobedience in later years.

Too many educational leaders, infected by a certain educational psychology consider corporal punishment harmful to the mental health of the giver as well as the receiver. This is just unadulterated nonsense. I have rarely seen the right to punish abused by teachers on the other hand I have observed in hundreds of behavior cases its remarkably beneficial and curative effects. It will be a sorry day for Canada if corporal punishment is abolished (as in the United States) and the teacher no longer allowed to discipline his students in the manner of a wise and judicious parent.

The Bread-and-Butter Subjects

Up to this point my criticism of the school and some of its leaders has been mostly destructive. I have some constructive suggestions to offer.

Why did the old school have considerable success in developing the qualities and characteristics mentioned in our questions? The answer is simple. much more time was devoted to certain subjects and much less to others and, of course, certain subjects on today's curriculum did not appear at all. Let us first consider the new subjects—music, art, physical education, manual training, subjects such as home economics for girls and handicrafts for both girls and boys, guidance and dramatic arts. Most of these appear to deserve a place in the course of study. But I am in the strongest disagreement with the time allotment.

From thirty-five to fifty percent of the school day to these subjects. I disagree most decidedly with the method of teaching some of them.

If so great a proportion of the available time is devoted to these nonessential subjects how can the student be given any reasonable mastery of the bread-and-butter subjects (reading, writing and arithmetic), spelling and English composition), or how can he be introduced to the world's best literature or how can he be led to know and appreciate the history of his own race or that of other peoples? How can he be instructed thoroughly in the geography of his own country and the rest of the world? It just can't be done and it isn't being done in today's modern school.

For an example, let us look at the methods of teaching music. Today's schools are teaching music as a fanciful subject as if they were training the entire student body to earn its living in whole or in symphony orchestra. The average young person does not need any technical knowledge of music. He needs singing for its recreational and emotional effects. He should memorize and sing all the great songs of the Anglo-Saxon language. By means of phonograph records he should become familiar with the world's music performed by the great musicians of the day. In this way he would have some standards by which to measure the popular music assailing his ears on records, radio and television.

Physical education or training has also gone progressive until by now there is little attempt to build better and stronger bodies. The "learning can be fun" philosophy has invaded this field to such a degree that much of the physical training program is concerned with dances and childish games and believe it or not boys have to engage in these activities. In school time there should be nothing but straight, body-building exercises based on techniques of proven success in practical life situations.

There are two school methods of organizing a school for teaching purposes. First the "one teacher classroom" where one teacher teaches all the subjects with the possible exceptions of some of the new subjects such as art and the more complicated handicrafts. He knows his students thoroughly and is able to meet the varying needs of each individual. This organization is found in almost all elementary schools.

Next there is the rotary plan which aims to have all subjects except the essential ones taught by specialists. In secondary schools practically all subjects are taught by experts while in elementary schools where the rotary plan is used the essential subjects are given to one teacher. The outstanding defects of the rotary plan are two in number. First a teacher may have as many as two hundred pupils in his care and secondly all rotary plans require a rapid division of the time which gives a disproportionate share to the new or nonessential subjects.

It is acknowledged by conscientious and far-reasoning teachers that rotary plans of organization are far from ideal since they prevent that close personal relationship between instructor and student so necessary for the student.

The ideal plan in the tutorial method when the student works alone as in real life but has access to his instructor in times of difficulty. Why not then a system of instruction which possesses all the best features of the one-teacher classroom, the rotary plan and the tutorial method? I am happy to say there is such a system. Tried and proven in the elementary, secondary and university levels the system once worked and worked successfully in Ontario. It is best defined as an individual plan of instruction.



THE UNCOMMON COLD

My friends are thoughtful in perfection;
They never laugh at my direction
In buses, trains and public places,
Politely they avert their faces
And your friend, I have noted too,
Gets as convalescent as you
For knowing how the cold gains ground
They gladly love milds that I hoard
But looked at from another view
It's choicer to see
That my friends, loving laugh as you
And your friends cough as me!

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

Special Work For the Gifted

The salient features of an individual plan of instruction are these:

1. A whole year's work in each subject is put down in orderly fashion and given to the student.
2. Where possible, sources of information necessary to do the prescribed exercises are supplied so that the student may proceed without reference to our teacher.
3. Extra work is suggested for students who have a special interest in the subject.

What effects have such a plan on the student?

The student is free to proceed at his own pace. This freedom is a strong incentive to do more and better work. He is dealing with a unit. He situation in the school since each student has his own definite job to do and is responsible for its completion. Each student shows his own standing and accomplishment in every subject by the actual work completed satisfactorily. Thus each type of student (the academic, the worker and the general type) would determine his own educational future, without resort to mental or aptitude tests. Each section of work is a formal examination.

And what effects would an individual plan have on the new subjects: music, art, drama and so on? These too would be beneficial.

With the time saved by an efficient individual plan special instruction can be given to students gifted in music, art or drama without interfering in any way with the work of others. Students with other special aptitudes would be given special instruction.

Under the individual plan of instruction the basic teaching, mastering world be chosen and presented by specialists in each subject. Thus there would be equality of opportunity for all students wherever they might live, in remote areas or in the crowded sections of large cities. This equality of opportunity does not exist in today's educational structure. Next the parent and the taxpaying citizen would have the opportunity to inspect and evaluate the course of study prescribed for the youth of the community. This is, of course, highly revolutionary and although it is a simple right of the man who pays the bill the "progressive" educationist will have many excuses for not granting it.

It has been said that a nation or community gets the type of education it wants or deserves. I am sure Canada does not want "progressive" education as developed in the U.S. and now being imported by some of our deluded and misguided leaders. Why indeed should we imitate in any way a system about which a great American educator made the statement a few months ago: "In the United States has any claim to greatness it is not because of its educational system but in spite of it."

The young people of this nation do not deserve the shoddy substitute for a good education offered by the "progressives." But they will get it if you, the parent and the taxpayer, do not abandon it once your apathetic attitude to the outrageous proposals of some educational leaders. And you will not be alone! I assure you there is a host of highly trained teachers, principals, supervisors, inspectors and administrators who condemn the type of education falsely called "progressive." If given the opportunity these men and women are fully capable of creating, organizing and administering individual plans of instruction to the lasting benefit of the youth in their communities. ★



"The men with the spectacles had chains of weapons"

Should Children Learn About God—In School?



Some people will emphatically say "no." They will contend that the purpose of education is to train the mind to make good citizens to equip children to use their talents for useful living.

And some of them will argue that it is un American, undemocratic and unnecessary for Catholics to maintain their own schools. The public schools, they say, are all we need.

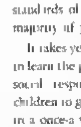
But are they right? It's a good question for parents—both Catholic and non-Catholic—to think about.

Religion as Catholics see it is not a subject to be set apart from other fields of learning. On the contrary it is the very core and center and hub of all human knowledge. It is the governing factor in our understanding and appreciation of all other learning. It relates all of this knowledge we acquire to the divine purposes for which we were created.

Children cannot of course get this kind of education in public schools. There is a law against it and a ruling of the Supreme Court has been interpreted by many states as prohibiting public schools from even excusing children for outside classes in religious instruction.

It is for these reasons that your Catholic friends and neighbors willingly pay their share of the cost of maintaining the public schools and yet build Catholic schools for their own children. It is not due to clannishness on the part of Catholics in any dissatisfaction with the academic efficiency of the public schools but to any doubt about the high standards of morality among the great majority of public school educators.

It takes years of school life for a child to learn the principles of democracy and social responsibility. Can we expect children to gain a knowledge of religion in a once-a-week Sunday school? Or in a week-day school where God's name is seldom mentioned and a prayer is never heard?



Free

A highly interesting pamphlet explaining in detail what goes on in a Catholic school, how Catholic schools benefit the nation, why Catholics have their own schools, why parents Catholic and non-Catholic, must concern themselves seriously about the education of their children for success in life and for the salvation of their immortal souls. For your free copy write today. Ask for Pamphlet No. MM 31.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 SHERBOURNE ST. TORONTO 5, ONT. CANADA

NEED MONEY? Help Yourself to Sunness Out Easy Way in Your Spare Time!

Check these 6 points

- √ No expenses to you
- √ No experience required
- √ No hunt—you have no hunch
- √ No soul to sacrifice
- √ No long hours—set your own
- √ No unpleasant work—it's simple and dignified

For complete details without obligation — write

FIDELITY MONEYMAKERS CLUB
210 Dundas Street West TORONTO 2 Canada

MAILBAG



The Private Life of a PM

It seems as a shock to learn from the Dec 15 issue of Maclean's (The Secret Life of Mackenzie King Sparks disc) that the late Mackenzie King trusted to spiritualism for direction or consolation as the case might have been If seems to us when those who have been entrusted with the highest position that the Dominion has to offer should resort to the occupation of a medium there is little wonder we are faced with such chaotic conditions as exist today

Adrian Minchinsyn Ont

● Maclean's should know that at least one of its readers did not approve of this effort to rout dishonest reflections on the private life of Canada's greatest statesman Mrs F L Setzer Union ville Ont

● So now we have the explanation of the many alarming symptoms of the "Greatest Canadian Statesman" He did it with spooks Mrs W Stewart Dundee Que

● Like the late Mr King I believe that spirits can be coaxed up but I would not agree that it was worth while pastime Mrs J W L Aztec Toronto

● For more Blair Fraser hits written in very bad taste David S Christie Ottawa

● It is not the path of wisdom to say "I don't believe it" John A Henderson Melissa Ont

● Surely a new journalistic low You might at least have left out his mother T W Rogers St Catharines Ont

● All I can say is no wonder Canada is disliked when men of King's position are allowed to spend the taxpayers money to gallop all over the world to talk to dead dogs Harry French Spirit River Alta

● Do you have further information as to communications carried out between the late Mr King and his dog Pat? —D J Brown Edmonton

Ricky McCollum

For the fifth time now I have reread the so far life story of Ricky (Ricky Will Never Grow Up Jan 15) In the small town where I work there is a lad who suffers undoubted type

I wish the people of this town could all read that article They are pestering and bullying him all day They burn him with their cigarettes and yell at him to see him jump Armed now with truthful knowledge I am going to try and talk some sense into them A J Mills Calgary

Fun With Oscar

Congrats on the quality of your Dec 1 issue The articles are all interesting and the fiction number is delightful especially so with the Oscar sketches by OSCAR I do wish we have more fun from such a team H Hood Vancouver

Maclean's Goes West

Many thanks for bringing Maclean's out west It was a good issue Christmas present I found it a real treat to see such names as Irch Scott Penny Wise photographer Harry Filun Harry Mather and Clyde Gilmour featured in your Jan 1 issue Mar garet Parker Fernie BC

Rich Beyond the Mountains

I am sure you feel very glad indeed at Ruth Hobman's frank admission of success in his book Grass Beyond the Mountains and it must be a source of great satis



faction to you to know that you were the first to publish his articles I have known Rich for a good many years and know the people and places that he writes about We who know both the country and the author know that all his stories are true —Rhuner M Taylor Vandelhoof B C

Crawls From The Golliwog

Reginald Hardy must have a lot of gall too much imagination or must be in absolute ignorance of the people whom he slandered so mercilessly in his article Ottawa's Beautiful Back yard (Dec 15) Anna Guertin, Hull Que

● Contrary to Mr Hardy's unusual usage of us real papers even Parisian papers read we hear there are slums and (a few only of course) destitute and shiftless even in Toronto He can run through that fountain de bolster the local inventors but in the summer but not quarterly as much as the tourist is inclined to think We don't crawl into a hole when the Big Boys go back to France or N Yawk for the winter

Hardy goes on to say that we are suspicious of strangers Well I am not so but him drop in and see us some time as we up this way That is if he is not afraid at getting in the line of fire when the balbellies start taking pot shots C D Chamberlin Wakefield Que

● Any other plans I have washed when they ask when are you from and you answer the Gatineau without any hesitation or exception the reply comes back "That is where the good men come from" S C Anderson Kazabazua Que

● We see what we look for There is a story of a sporting tiger hunting Anglo Indian colonel who spoke contemptuously of the work of missions

This page addressed "The Man Who Has What It Takes, Toronto Heintzman" who delivered to Maclean's and forwarded to Dr Robert Greig central figure of John Clare's article How The Grenfell Put Pep Through College Jan 15

in India saying he had spent thirty years in India and "Bah duve old boy I never even saw a missionary" To which a veteran missionary replied that he had fifty years in India and never saw a tiger Miss A B Robb, Wakefield Que

● I most certainly take exception Mrs J Stevenson Vancouver

● Our county supports two fine crematories Herbert M Pillard, Wright Que

Somebody Loves Us

May I congratulate Maclean's I can honestly say it is the best magazine that comes into my home How do you do it Every one four features which interest me very much Indeed the editorial Beverly Baxter Hilda Fraser and Flashbulbs James Allison Riverbend Que

● We in our house cannot end the fortnightly pleasure of reading Mac lean's Parade and Ellen Fraser raves about the first we read and even when we don't agree with him which is often we are drawn to Beverley Baxter We like too Ernest Buchler's contributions and Peter Whelly's Shortcuts to Insanity Rev C Russell Elliott Bridgetown NS

● I would like to hand you the biggest bouquet I can find because you are making what I feel is a unique contribution in acquainting Canadians with their country and helping to foster that sense of national pride which we have lacked for so long Merton D Smith Sarnia Ont

● A word of real appreciation from a steady reader S O McMurtry Montreal

● I would like to extend to you my heartiest commendation of your illuminating imaginative and fair minded attitude on the issues you deal with —A T Peachy Vancouver

Let's Run Out Own

In Mailbag (Dec 15) Jack Cooke of Toronto states "USA has the fastest rising culture in the world today" Sure in murders, graft dope peddling and getting other countries to fight their wars for them No sir, let's run our own country without help from any Yanks or any country A H Chadney Marion Lake Sask

Ploudits for Peterson

Thoroughly enjoyed Beth Peterson's article The Philosophical Fisherman of Gimli (Jan 1) M Weiss, Chicago

The Riddle of Louis Riel



The execution of Thomas Scott 1870

I am enclosing you an old cut that I thought that you might find interesting in connection with your Flash back The Riddle of Louis Riel M Cummings Belleville Ont

Censorship and the CBC

As an old contributor to Maclean's too ancient by many years for you to remember let me congratulate you on the courage and common sense of your editorial Religious Censorship and the CBC (Jan 1 H B Allen Halifax

● That piece tells us and the world what Canada is, and what we stand for Grand Walter Smith Kingston BC

● Your editorial defending the right of atheists to attack belief in God and morality will be most offensive to many of your subscribers Enoch Udell Windsor Ont

● It is pleasant and gratifying to find a well-respected voice like yours speaking out against the insidious and blatant efforts of certain religious sects and bigots to silence (by force) with differing views Kenneth Smith Edmonton

● It is very well said B H Krahn Altona Man

● Most Canadians believe in God, and most Canadians believe in democracy Is it fair to give as much time to atheists to attack the one belief and deny Communists the right to attack democracy Duncan MacKenzie Halifax

● The CBC must not be chastised! P A Saile Toronto Ont

● I agree 100 percent Rev Edwin Tilley Surrey Valley PE I

● Our national magazine has wasted an editorial page I Leonard Stuves, Surrey NB

● I agree with every word of your editorial —Miss Marion Fisher Montreal

No More Millionaires

A correspondent (Mailbag Dec 15) has suggested you refrain from publishing articles on millionaires So say I and all personalities Give us fiction E Fowler Vancouver

● Your sweet pastry stories about such people rouse me Don't you have anything better to write about or do these people pay you so well for it You have no other choice! Mrs A Huston Oshawa Ont

Wanted A Girl Canadian

Will you excuse me my very bad English? I wish to know if it is possible for you to tell me of a Canadian young girl want to write and receive some letters from a Frenchman

I am in hospital I am been wounded in Korea the 15th September by fragment of grenades now I am all right but the time is long

Is not necessary the young girl Canadian be French I know only the Canadian people and I think is better for me the conversation only in English Sergeant DeLorme Tokie Army Hospital Annex APO 500 San Francisco Calif

When It's June in January

Please could you tell me where Beverley Baxter (London Letter Jan



11 was going to have a picnic when Queen Victoria died! They must have eaten snowballs She died in Jan 1901 May Mitchell Toronto

● Baxter should not be blamed for crying about going on a picnic in Toronto with a horse and buggy in January Hume B Neely London Ont

● *Pleasant* Fred T Bell, Moscow, Ont.

● Burn Mr Baxter!—Marion B Stewart, Toronto

● Tut-tut!—Charlotte G Robinson, Renfarth, N B

To Save on Food

Your article Ten Ways to Save Money on Food (Jan 1) is worth the subscription price of your paper twice over I suggest that it be distributed as a pamphlet as it will be of great value to mothers who worry because they are unable to give their families what they consider the best W C Bunnell Red Deer Alta

● As a British housewife I found your article very interesting One of our favorite and economical dishes in Mousaka cooked in a pressure cooker I give the recipe for four people

2 lb potatoes
¾ lb mince beef
½ lb onions
½ lb tomatoes
1 gill (4 oz.) water
parsley
seasoning

Sauce — 1 oz margerine 1 oz grated cheese 1 oz. flour 1 egg, ½ pt milk

Method Cut potatoes onions and tomatoes in thin slices Arrange with meat in layers in pressure cooker Season thoroughly Add water bring to pressure and cook for 20 minutes Make the sauce by melting fat stir in flour and cook 30 minutes Gradually thicken with milk and bring to boil for 3 minutes Remove from heat and beat in egg cook for 3 minutes but do not boil When pressure cooker is opened boil rapidly to evaporate most of the moisture Pile the Mousakka in a hot dish pour sauce sprinkle with cheese and parsley Norah Fyles, Chalfont St Giles, England

● As I whip up my daily supply of powdered milk this thought occurs to me why get the cream and why? Perhaps Mr Margolius could tell us housewives that Mrs C Rud Ottawa

Greetings to Old Friends

Having lived in Canada most of my life I look forward to my Maclean's You articles are of great interest to me and to my many American friends. World that I could be brought to the minds of some of my Canadian friends by hung in your Mailbag Mrs Fo England Concord Calif

Trash on the Newsstands

I have just finished reading a Mail bag Nov 1 letter by Kathryn Macdonald of Chatham N B and I feel as she does that something should be done about the literature situation of today There are times as I glance over the literature on some newsstands I wish I had money enough to buy up every last filthy printed word and burn them I often turn over and hide some of the sensation laid pictures and descriptions of murder rape and seduction and so on that fill a lot of the papers today I am not exaggerating Some of the stuff to be found in papers and especially the USA papers is enough to turn one's stomach

Come on parents let's do something about it.—Mrs Jack Mechling North Battleford Sask

Accolade for Arbuckle

Your caveat for Jan 1 by Franklin Arbuckle is the best available Give us more of the same class —C P Culliford Beachville Ont

● If that Franklin Arbuckle is not an ace there are not any at all on this planet —J Beaubien Rimouski Que

The Case of the Count

Congratulations on lifting the lid and lifting out some of the political stench in the De Bernonville scandal (Nov 15) Why was the Federal Government so squeamish about returning him to France as the French Government requested? Woe it for fear of offending the French vote in Quebec? And why was the voice of the Canadian Legion not heard in the matter? If makes one ashamed of being a member of that organization —J D Mauk Niagara Falls, Ont

● You are to be congratulated It is seldom indeed that we get the truth about such things these days F G McNichol Saint John

● Your article illustrated that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty —S R Smith Hamilton

The Yodeling Mr Carter

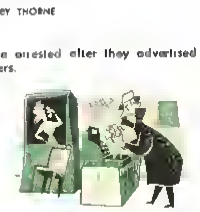
May I congratulate Jean Collwood for her very fine story about our leading cowboy singer Mr Will Carter The Singing Cowboy from Nova Scotia Dec 1 His yodeling in my opinion can't be beat Prescott Parker Edmundston N S ★

Criminal Negligence

By PAUL STEINER

DRAWINGS BY THORNE

In Chicago two burglars were arrested after they advertised part of their loot in local newspapers.



While he was occupied robbing a restaurant in Hull, Que., a burglar had was captured by police He had locked a waitress in a phone booth and she had rolled the rope

In Lenoke Ark an escapee from the Louisiana State Prison was spotted although he had dyed his hair jet black He had forgotten to dye his bushy red eyebrows

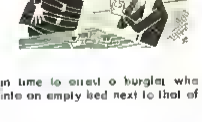


Two gunmen robbed a Montreal book then parted to kiss two women customers They were occupied they missed an additional $8,000 which tellers were able to hide

The yeggs who stole forty eight shoes from a salesman's car in Oneonta N Y won't get much pleasure out of them The shoes are all for the right foot

In Buffalo N Y a man was arrested when he tried to drive away with a police car By mistake he pushed the siren button instead of the starter

An Oklahoma City thief who broke into an apartment and exchanged his pants for a better pair, was soon apprehended because he left behind a letter addressed to himself



A taxi driver went to a Montreal police station to check the lagues gallery for the gunman who robbed him of six dollars While he looked police robbed him on a two month old traffic fine he'd never paid

In Cleveland police arrived in time to arrest a burglar who had labored so hard he crawled into an empty bed next to that of his victim and fell asleep

In Philadelphia a burglar managed to break into a locked restaurant but failed to get out again He had sampled too much whisky

In Santa Barbara Calif burglars made off with $100 from a shoe store but left behind $300 worth of burglar tools



Safecrackers in Collingwood S C trying to open a safe were quickly moved to tears and fled They'd found a small bottle they believed contained oil and had poured it into the hole they were drilling The bottle contained liquid gas used for tum gallon

A Garden in Your Mailbox

Continued from page 15

shot a wild goose with a bean in its crop and ever since then the family has been planting and harvesting the product of the original seed. The latter studies that the seed must be valuable because of its semi-ceremonial origin. Dominion invariably tests it and finds it to be a variety that went out of commerce more than half a century ago.

Dominion's customers are ultra-rich and valuable group scattered from Aklavik in Peru and from Labrador to Vancouver Island where Dominion seeds have flourished in Hollywood's famous sunken gardens. A doctor in Labrador recently received his packet of seeds by U. S. Army helicopter, a gesture that saved him a long delay by dog team. An amateur gardener in Timagami northern Ontario got his free of his seed shipment by motorcraft that waggled its wings as it flew over the cabin. He promptly hopped in a canoe and paddled forty miles to pick up the package. Bradley sometimes runs into businessmen on King Street in downtown Toronto who ask him about seeds and must open up a stuffed their garden plans on the counter.

In its peak times the firm gets between seventy-five and one hundred thirty letters a day discussing the seed business. Our close of customer was a horticultural jackpot. Recently a man sent in with his compliments some strawberry seeds he'd been working on for fifteen years. If Dominion's tests verify his claims and Vannatter believes they will, the result might be compared to a prospector finding a gold mine. For these seeds are sold in profitable market-used strawberries from seed something never before possible. Until now strawberries have been propagated from runners or clippings.

Nobody will need to patent this seed because it couldn't be grown by an ordinary gardener. If you harvest the seed from one of the new giant zinnias for instance and plant it next year you won't get giants. The seed will revert back to type. And hybrid plants like mules don't produce only fertile seed of all. The seed producers in each case have to start from scratch.

The company's only salesman is situm—hundred and fifty page catalogue which besides seeds lists a variety of seed products from dog repellent to complete of pamphlet on planting by the moon. A theory we don't subscribe to, Vannatter says hastily.

Seeds Seed Is Kept in a Safe

With every five-dollar purchase the customer gets a premium such as a five rose bush. Last year the company shipped out fifty thousand five rose bushes and some customers have so many as seventy-five in their garden beds.

Most letters discuss individual results obtained from the seeds. A few are angry. One woman panned out three pages of vituperation because her order hadn't arrived and then added a postscript. "The seeds just came in the mail." Many customers ship seeds of their own which they feel need unleashed and want the company to buy. Usually these turn out to be strain that has gone off the market because better varieties were developed. But occasionally the firm hits a horticultural jackpot. Recently a man sent in with his compliments some strawberry seeds he'd been working on for fifteen years. If Dominion's tests verify his claims and Vannatter believes they will, the result might be compared to a prospector finding a gold mine. For these seeds are sold in profitable market-used strawberries from seed something never before possible. Until now strawberries have been propagated from runners or clippings.

Nobody will need to patent this seed because it couldn't be grown by an ordinary gardener. If you harvest the seed from one of the new giant zinnias for instance and plant it next year you won't get giants. The seed will revert back to type. And hybrid plants like mules don't produce only fertile seed of all. The seed producers in each case have to start from scratch.

The company's only salesman is situm—hundred and fifty page catalogue which besides seeds lists a variety of seed products from dog repellent to complete of pamphlet on planting by the moon. A theory we don't subscribe to, Vannatter says hastily.

The main catalogue goes out in January and by the end of the month the company is sparding 21 part-time workers employed and a quarter of a million people on fine garden seed pour into the warehouse from twelve foreign countries. This varies from five-hundred-weight lots of garden peas to five grams of Rox Regium seed which is enough to serve all Dominion's customers. This seed is worth more than a thousand dollars an ounce or roughly thirty times the price of gold and is so tiny it can hardly be seen. It is counted by hand into packets by girls who use a knife and a white card and its bulk is so minute that some customers return the packet claiming there's nothing in it. The oil kept in a refrigerated safe at the seed house.

In addition to seeds the company annually ships out about half a million plants. All this activity takes place on seventy-five acres of Brasley's old farm crowned by the company's main office, a sprawling Tudor mansion designed after a moated manor in Sussex, England whose picture Bradley spotted in a newspaper.

Bradley himself is wont to spend his mornings growing about the continent on the unending hunt for new kinds of seed. In California, and his wife stand hip deep in hundred-acre fields of sweet peas or fifty-acre fields scarlet with zinnias. Bradley is used to flowers and vegetables in the mass. In Salinas, Calif., it is his habit to watch lettuce being shipped out of the rail of two thousand carloads a day.

On his tours he searches the highways and byways looking for signs that indicate new varieties of plant life. "I get into places you never heard of before," he says. "On one I found a field grew nothing but geraniums. Tremendous blooms, absolutely gorgeous. He didn't have very many just a few in experiment on maybe twenty five thousand.

The mysterious enthusiasts who devote their lifetimes to the propagation of one species are the shadowy figures of the seed world. Seedmen are naturally tight-lipped about their sources, for fear competitors may get priced and mix seeds. Dominion gets all its wildflower seed from one man in a wild-plant collector in his late fifties who roams the forest pathways of Ontario. Who he is and where he is is the company's secret. "We don't know too much about him and we don't enquire too deeply into the whys and wherefores," says Vannatter darkly.

The secret of the source is no greater than each individual's secret of how a certain type of seed is developed. In western Canada there's a man who has spent a lifetime growing nothing but petunias. Dominion gets some of its more exotic varieties from him. But even he own son doesn't know how he produces them. "I don't want my son to know my secret," he told Bradley recently.

Vannatter says he knows of only two or three people in the world who know the secret of the production of Alyssum violet seeds, those tiny dustlike particles worth eight hundred dollars an ounce which flower into the velvety bloom that has become North America's most popular house plant.

One horticultural scoop Dominion retailed last year through its fall bulb catalogue was the Multiflora Hyacinth. This bulb produces not just one spike of bloom as ordinary hyacinths do but between eight and twelve and sometimes as many as seventeen. The man who developed it produces these bulbs by a surgical operation that splits the bulb into many parts. The hyacinth was so popular with Dominion customers that it was sold out by August in advance, and the company had to remove all mention of it from its catalogue.

Before it advertises a new variety Dominion tests it under all conceivable conditions. Mostly it uses its own customers to conduct these tests. A year ago for example all sent out twenty thousand free packets of new species of flowers called Northern Lights to its steady customers. The flower looks like a brilliant baby sun dragon though it is nothing of the sort, and was developed especially for northern climates. Most of the customers who took reporting on the results.

"As a matter of fact we've never been so swamped with letters before," Vannatter says. One enthusiast in Calgary reported that the almost indestructible plant was blooming after five nights of frost, a downing of freezing rain and hail and sixteen inches of snow.

It is mainly as a result of the plant-during-latter-day Burbanks who develop these new strains that the back yard garden is changing so rapidly. String beans which used looked like overgrown worms are now as straight as pencils. Carrots are sweeter and no longer ugly and corny. Radishes are perfect in form. Asparagus is better and heavier yielding. Cucumbers are smooth as hot dogs.

"If you could get taken through flower beds ten years ago and then again today you couldn't believe the difference," says Bradley. "The tiny English marigold is a thing of the past replaced by huge chrysanthemumlike blooms. The humble petunia has become a huge-eared orchidlike flower so different in structure from what nature intended that bees can no longer reach into its cup and in Japan women with paint brushes pollinate each bloom by hand.

In the past decade a whole new line of hybrid vegetables beginning with corn has invaded the garden. For Canadian growers these are a particular boon because hybrid strains are always more hardy than vigorous faster growing and resistant to cold. Why this should be is another of the unfathomable mysteries of the seed business. Perhaps it is like a Scotsman coming over to Canada and marrying one of our girls and breeding a wonderful race of people. Bradley suggested.

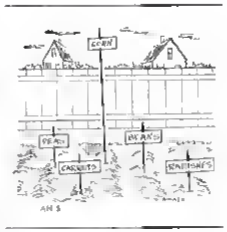
Among the new varieties introduced this year through the Dominion catalogue as a tomato so sweet that eaten raw it tastes like a grape. And the Carleton developed after fifteen years of research by the Federal government's experimental farm at Carleton Ont., produces more fruit earlier than any other tomato. Its picture graces the envelope which encloses the 1952 edition of the Dominion catalogue. The firm simply bought up all the seed the government had.

Within the catalogue Bradley and Vannatter have laid out another feast of horticultural goodies for their faithful and sometimes fanatic followers. Here is that old stand by the Golden Macaroni or Needle Squash ("new vegetable from Persia on a vine in nature's own package") along with the Giant Long Scarlet Radish ("a dandy table variety and a great curiosity"). Here are the Improved Thick Leaf Dandelion ("much prized as a blood purifier") the Serpent Cucumber ("resembles a green snake sometimes six feet long") the Giant Ruffled Tetraploid "Snapdragon ("a new scientific creation originated by the use of the drug colchicine. Used by ankle bended flesh eating Darlingtonia ("one of the queerest and most fascinating plants known to man").

Sometimes other seed firms direct their customers to Dominion Seed House when they themselves can't supply rare varieties asked for. Often Dominion loses money on these single packets which cost more to fill and ship than the ten cents or so they bring in. But William Bradley and his man Friday Phares Vannatter, wouldn't think of discontinuing a single line. Indeed each year they keep adding more.

"You know," says Bradley, "it's really worth something for a person to say to us: 'I couldn't get it from anybody else but you.'" ★









BACKSEAT DRIVERS ARE YOUR FRIENDS

And even if he's such the gas must cleave, whose name you're not sure of, you should be glad when he points out your errors. At least that's the advice for run-in a recent safety bulletin which said, with a straight face,



Would You Live Better In the U. S.?

Continued from page 9

unfurnished but there was no sign of a hammer or a screwdriver.

They did come across one they could have bought for $8,900. But we didn't have the courage. Dozer confides. "When we were first married in 1938 I earned only $50 a *month* but we bought a house. It was $1,000. But somehow then we weren't afraid to tackle it."

They finally found a bungalow at $85 a month and Muriel is eternally grateful to the landlord because he could have charged them more. It's unheated but it does have five furnaced rooms, a basement and a small back yard. They have cabinets in the dining room. It doesn't quite heat all but "none thoroughly on really cold days" and their next buying project (even before the electric refrigerator they've been talking about since I last met them) is an oil space heater. This, they figure, will cost only $60 to $80 secondhand but it will have to wait until next winter. At present they're using five tons of coke at $21 a ton which brings their shelter cost to $41 a month. They lost the phone when they married and Oscar isn't unanxious to refurnish it now that the rift has been ironed out. $3.70 but Muriel wants one very much.

In Trenton the Bigums had to move last year but now they found a four-room flat in their own neighborhood for $45 a month including stove heat. It's smaller than the Richer house but about the same cost but Al and Lucy consider it reasonable for Trenton these days. Also their utility rates are higher than in Canada. $4.75 for the phone and $5.20 for gas and electricity.

From Millionaires to Kings

The price Al paid for his car makes Oscar's mouth water. Al bought it from the same helpful tailor who sells Lucy with her clothes for $1,450 the millionaire offered by the hard dealer when the tailor ordered a 1951 model. In spite of the bargain price buying the car took most of the extra savings Al had accumulated. Now he has $500 in savings exactly what he had when I saw him in 1949.

I asked Oscar in Hamilton if he might have $500 in savings too.

"If I had $500 I wouldn't call the King my uncle." he snorted. In 1949 he had reported that if he had $500 he'd feel like a millionaire so his metaphors have improved even if his finances haven't.

Oscar was reluctant to publicize what savings he does have but finally admitted they were exactly $100. That too is just what he had in 1949. He would have had a little more except for the result of moving last summer. He feels worse about his lack of savings now than he did in 1949 because he and Muriel badly want to get additional furnishings for their new home. It bothers him, he says, to think he hasn't lost three days' work since 1949 but hasn't increased his savings a penny in that time.

The Bigums in Trenton have been able to get most of the household equipment they want. As before they have wool rugs on the floor while the Richers have only enamel felt base covering theirs. The Bigums sold their old range for $50 when they moved and bought the new one for $129. The television console cost them $459 on the installment plan. The refrigerator was $119. They refurnished their kitchen chairs, beautifully themselves and bought kitchen cabinets for $50. Now Lucy wants a new sewing machine and an improved freezer unit instead of her present one.

In Hamilton when the Richers moved Oscar built kitchen cabinets himself at a cost of $20 for the materials, and besides the new living room furniture ($425) secondhand dining room set ($149) and bedroom chests ($59) they bought a set of aluminumware at the Canadian National Exhibition for $80. And Muriel had her old treadle sewing machine electrified at a special price since she does housework for a sewing machine company executive in Hamilton.

Both families are holding down their spending for recreation. They still buy newspapers and magazines but now when the Richers go to their weekly movie in Hamilton they no longer stop in for a beer between split. They still take one or two trips a year either to Toronto or Niagara Falls.

For the Bigums their main luxuries are the children's music lessons. Further things matter to them in Trenton. They have visits (four in Hamilton but nursing of forty-one so far).

Another occupational advantage the Richers of Hamilton have is much lower rent than Trentonians and do not. For the past two years they've chipped in with Muriel's sister-in-law, who rents from a real estate firm, for a week at Muriel's father's fishing places near Parry Sound or Lindsay. Total cost of the Richers' share, including boat, gas and oil was $68.

The Bigums on the other hand rented a cottage in a crowded Scouts Park on the New Jersey ocean front for a week last summer. Total cost including food and other expenses $400. Al is amazed at this. In a month's holiday used in real cottage for a month there for $100 only eight years ago.

Fortunately for the Richers they haven't been sick much recently except that Muriel must get an injection once a month. If they had they would have found Hamilton doctors charging $3 for an office visit and $1 for a house call instead of $2 and $3 as the Hamilton Academy of Medicine reported for 1949.

The Richers provide against medical bills to a partial extent by having Muriel and Jerry insured in a fraternal organization's sickness and accident plan at a cost of $1.50 a month each. Oscar has averaged for twenty-six weeks of illness through his employer.

But the Bigums have suffered illness and to split up the last that Al now has medical coverage for his family through his employment as a result of the widely publicized agreement won by the steelworkers' union two years ago. The illnesses have been costly. Last year Al was hospitalized for three months with a painful operation for varicose veins. The union's contract paid $425 but Al had to pay another $900. Although he got $26 a week in unemployment benefits during that period the illness still knocked a $600 hole in his bank account. Then Ronny was separated from his tonsils which separated Al from $25 more while the company-union health insurance paid the balance of $60. Ronny also requires an expensive brand of cod-fish liver oil.

All happiness over his improved standard of living is tempered by an awareness that it largely stems from a rearmament boom which could prove temporary. "If I have to go back to a forty-hour week we'll just break even," he says. So he's glad to work six days even though turning twenty-one hundred pound reels of wire rope while standing all day on a concrete floor gives him sore feet.

To compare Canadian and U. S. living costs both in 1949 and now we went much farther than just the economics of the Richer and Bigum households. I took along a list of the goods and services a family buys and priced the same qualities in Hamilton and Trenton. I also got the help of J. F. Rowbottom, chief of the prices section of the Bureau of Statistics in Ottawa and the living cost experts of the New Jersey Bureau of Labor Statistics. They supplied their latest lists of average prices in the two cities which filled in and served as a check on my own findings.

I then weighted each item for its importance in a family's cost of living. For example, a family may buy five hundred and twenty quarts of milk a year but it's new bedroom set only once in fourteen years.

How much does a family need at this time? In 1949 on the basis of some research by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics we estimated that a worker's family of three in a city like Hamilton would need $2,945 for a modest standard of living (without a car) that would maintain health and the community's standard of decency. For Trenton we estimated a family would need $3,120. These sums allowed for insurance and taxes but not savings.

On the basis of the price rises recorded by the official Canadian index we can estimate each a Canadian family of three would now need about $3,500 while the Trenton family would need about $3,725. These figures allow for insurance but not taxes or savings. You can figure a family of two would need 23 percent less a family of four 19 percent more and a family of five 37 percent more.

The Hamilton wage earner is currently being paid at the rate of $3,308.24 a year while the Trenton steelworker is earning at the rate of $3,651.36. The average industrial wage in Canada is $2,625 in the U. S. $3,160.

How does your own standard of living compare? ★

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION UP?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

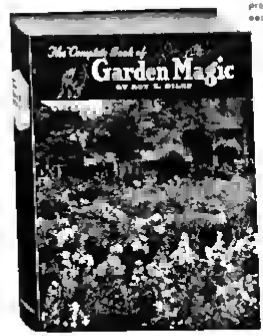
The demand for copies is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of every single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the expiration notice.

GARDEN MAGIC

THE ONE BOOK YOU NEED TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT GARDENING!

There is nothing like the Complete Book of GARDEN MAGIC. It shows you what to plant—where and how! It is hard to find a single gardening subject that is not fully covered in the 320 page fact filled book. Thousands of Canadians use the Complete Book of GARDEN MAGIC as their guide to successful gardening. It actually will help you to enjoy your gardening more and more each year!

There are 27 COMPLETE CHAPTERS covering every aspect of gardening each written by a specialist to make it easy for beginner to the busy layman to use it and make rapid progress. It is indeed a ready reference library for the experienced gardener or for the person whose hobby is gardening.



You take no chances when you buy this great book. If you are not completely satisfied with your copy you may return it within five days and get a full refund.

ONLY
$3.95
postpaid to your address

Send NOW for your copy to

GARDEN MAGIC, Home Book Service Suite 247 210 Dundas Street West TORONTO 2 Canada

NEXT ISSUE

THE HUTTERITES

In southern Alberta live more than half of the world's Hutterites who share everything and scarcely know what mental illness is

IN MACLEAN'S MARCH 15 — ON SALE MARCH 12

Moderation *is a Necessary Ingredient of Happiness*

The House of Seagram



MEN WHO THINK OF TOMORROW — PRACTICE MODERATION TODAY

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

Elizabeth and Prince Philip at least one evening's fun in Ottawa. On a shopping tour in New York before Christmas he spent an hour or two in a penny arcade and bought among other things a large supply of those bow ties with the lights that blink on and off.

So in one way or another, he made a human being out of the statuesque figure of the governor-general. His predecessor is a Canadian and that change will get the office on a somewhat different basis (an more virtuous line for one thing). But as the last Briton in Rideau Hall Alexander has provided at once a climax and a point of transition.

• • •

Like many other things in Ottawa this column will be poorer in future because of the death of Kenneth Wilson Ottawa editor of the Financial Post who was killed in a plane crash Jan 22.

Ken Wilson was the best-informed reporter in Ottawa. Since Grant Dexter left here for Winnipeg in 1946 there has been no one who even remotely matched him for that distinction. It is true he was a specialist in economics and finance but he made that specialty not a narrow blind alley but an avenue to every field of government and politics. And in each of those fields, he knew more of what was going on than any of us.

Ken's secret was partly just hard work. A lot of inside information here is published in dry official documents that few people read and fewer understand. Ken read and understood them. He knew enough of the background of each problem to discuss it on equal terms with the men engaged in trying to solve it.

Ken wouldn't be in the office five minutes "a prominent civil servant once said "before I'd forget that he wasn't a member of the department."

More important than industry though were his integrity and his judgment. People were not afraid to talk to Ken Wilson.

"It's more than just honesty" said one official the day after Ken's death. "Most reporters are honest. I don't know any who'd deliberately let you down or break a confidence. But with Ken you could really take your hair down. You could tell him the whole of your problem, and you didn't even need to say what was on and what was off the record. You could trust his judgment. He would write a useful helpful story that would tell all the essential facts without betraying either his source or the public interest.

Ken was generous with this hard won information. He didn't scoop other publications pretty regularly but he took no special pride or satisfaction in competitive advantage. His desire was not to beat someone else but to know the facts. Anything he knew he would gladly tell a friend and it was my privilege to be a close friend.

It is that kindness not the brilliance and the skill that will live longest in the memory of those who knew him. Those who did not may well regret the passing of a great journalist and remember the important events of which his was the first accurate or the clearest interpretation. But what we here remember is the warm smile and the evenly cheerful voice what we mourn is the death of a fine man.

• • •

In Tokyo not long ago Canadian and American officials had quite an argument over details of the new fisheries agreement with Japan. It was all friendly enough but our delegates had a good deal of haggling to do before they got their way. A concession here a compromise there and then perhaps added stubborn insistence on another point.

The Japanese took little part to the discussion but they listened most attentively. After a while Stuart Bates Canada's Deputy Minister noticed that the Japanese delegation seemed to be growing larger. Then he observed new faces in the Japanese group different people almost every day.

He asked why. A senior Japanese explained. "These are young men from our Foreign Office. We have been sending them here for instruction—to watch you and learn how to deal with the Americans."

• • •

Normally the parliament of Canada takes three sitting days and an intervening week end to get a new session under way.

On a Thursday the governor general opens parliament with the ancient ritual of the Speech from the Throne in the Senate Chamber. Then both Houses adjourn.

On a Friday two junior members of the Government party in the House of Commons move and second the Address in Reply. These two speeches last forty minutes each and consist partly of eulogies of the speaker's constituencies and partly of eulogies of the Government. Then the House adjourns.

On a Monday the leader of the Opposition opens the debate on the Address with a speech that usually fills about an hour and a half. The prime minister replies the other party leaders follow on and the new session has started. Most Canadians assume that this whole rigmarole is an immemorial British tradition which only a vandal would tamper with.

Last November the British parliament opened on a Tuesday. The Speech from the Throne was read at 11 a.m. and that whole ritual was got through before lunch. The House of Commons met at 2:30. The mover of the Address a young Tory MP named Douglas Dodds Parker delivered with art unless well prepared speech that lasted fourteen minutes. His seconder consumed ten minutes.

Clement Attlee back in Opposition after eleven years rose to deliver his first major blast at the first Tory Government since 1940. He too spoke without notes and very well—but he was through in thirty minutes. Prime Minister Winston Churchill then spoke for a little less than an hour. By tea time on opening day the British parliament had reached the point that Ottawa reaches halfway through the reading of the third sitting day.

• • •

Maybe there's a moral here for the recurrent parliamentary committees which try to reduce time-wasting by amendment of the House rules. They had one last session. It recommended among other things that the 1952 session try the experiment of cutting MPs speaking time from forty to thirty minutes—a suggestion loudly cheered when it was reported to parliament.

In practice Speaker Ross Macdonald could cut debating time by more than this theoretical twenty-five percent merely by enforcing a rule which has always been on the books but which has been ignored for thirty years. The rule says members of parliament must not read their speeches. A number of backbench orators would be quite incapable of filling forty or thirty or even ten minutes if they didn't have their gems all typed out for them.

One reason why Mr. Speaker has to be careful about enforcing the rule is the bad example of ministers. Arthur Ford editor of the London Ont. Free Press, recalls in his memoirs that the first exception to the rule was at the request of Sir Thomas White Minister of Finance in World War I. Sir Thomas was a distinguished man of business but not a speaker. He knew he couldn't deliver a budget speech without reading it and he got permission to do so.

Thus began the tradition that ministers making important announcements of policy might read their statements to the House. In the case of such bulky documents as the budget speech, or the carefully worded paragraphs of an international agreement the exception is more common sense. But the current habit is to have departmental statements written by civil servants—it happens occasionally that a minister's "speech" is as new to him as to his audience when he reads it to the Commons.

Also if the statement has any publicity value it will have been mimeographed hours in advance and delivered to the press gallery for "release on delivery." Often a story of this kind ratches afternoon editions, which it could not possibly make if the reporters had to wait until they heard the speech.

With such distinguished precedents on the front bench it's no wonder that private MPs do the same. They too like to hand around copies in advance to correspondents of their local newspaper. They too like to polish a quotable phrase, and take no chances of fumbling it in delivery. As a result the Commons chamber echoes hour after hour the dull drone of a reading voice.

It would need no amendment of the rules to put an end to that. But the real way to save time in the House of Commons has nothing to do with rules either new or old. The real answer is party discipline—and authority for party whips.

From every standpoint of public interest it would be well to have debating time allotted by agreement among the whips. Sometimes (as in the case of the retail price maintenance bill) no agreement could be reached because the Opposition proposed to fight to the end. But in most cases out of ten the issues could be thoroughly debated in half the time if speakers were generally required to have something to say. Squeeze the water out of any volume of Hansard and you'd reduce it to pamphlet size.

Why isn't it done? Because members of parliament like to talk and resent any restrictions on their favorite pastime. So long as they're indulged in this, no amendment of the rules is likely to keep parliament from wasting time. ★



The Other Hero of the Enterprise

Continued from page 11

trees fruit refrigerators televisions sets electric stoves and scores of other valuable commodities which were theirs for nothing if they would be photographed accepting them.

Many people found it incredible that two men who place professional honor so much higher than gain should need as pure coincidence on the slipping deck of the mauled and staggering Flying Enterprise. At press conferences they were badgered to answer rumors that the ship was smuggling arms to Israel and Christian did not dare leave in case untold retributions examined the cargo more closely than the cargo was actually supplies of heavy water used in atom bomb production and nobody must have access to it. That a number of antiques in the cargo were fakes which had been heavily insured and must be lost. To which both replied with the most polite sycophancy they could think of for baloney.

I arrived at Hook Greece on the day of Dancy's reception. He had just rejected three thousand dollars for radiovoice rights to rise his name over a ghosted article. He gave his story to me free. You've come a long way to get it," he said on hearing I was from Canada. "It wouldn't be fair to let you down."

On Christmas Day when the Flying Enterprise first got into trouble Kenneth Dancy was on a month's leave at home awaiting a new ship. For several days he knew no more about the Flying Enterprise than any ordinary newspaper reader. The sixty-seven thousand ton wartime-built vessel he learned was heading from Hamburg to New York with a cargo of pig iron, ammonite bone meal pest meal nonferrous ingots, animal hair, refrigerating antiques aluminum chloride, carpets and bird cages. She carried forty crew and ten passengers four women a boy and five men all emigrants to The United States.

None of these enjoyed the Christmas dinner that had been prepared in the saloon. They were all sick in their bunks. Waves easily feet high were pounding the vessel. Furniture slid dishes flew and smashed broken tackle littered the decks. There was never any letup from the pitiless sea. On Boxing Day two immense waves engulfed the Flying Enterprise and all aboard heard a loud sheep report. The hull cracked forward of the bridge. Water poured into number three hold.

Carlsen discovered he'd been blown north of the customary sea lanes and decided to steer south as he'd be in traffic in the event of emergency. Soon after he'd changed course a single wave seventy-five feet high rolled the Flying Enterprise over until she dipped the crosstrees of her mizzen in the sea. With a noise like rumble the cargo of pig iron shifted and the Flying Enterprise never got an an even keel again. It was broken in the engine room. Oil tanks spilled a black gelatinous stream over the deck. The furnaces gave out for lack of gravity feed. Steam dropped. The pumps failed. Lights went out.

Flying Enterprise lurched again and that time took on a list of sixty degrees.

Calmly Carlsen ordered the passengers out of their cabins into a companionway where they wouldn't be thrown about as much. He told them to put on their life jackets and tried to pacify their fears with a bottle of brandy. The passengers prayed and some of 'em whimpered. One seaman cried though no one knew why. Then it was from the pain of injuries or from terror. Now it was impossible to steer Enterprise because the fuel had lifted her rudder and propeller clear of the water. Carlsen sent out an S.O.S.

On Dec. 28 the U.S. freighters Southland and War Hawk the U.S. military transport General A.W. Greely, the Norwegian tanker H. Westfal-Larsen the German steamship Arion and the British steamer Sherbourne were standing by. The Westfal Larsen poured out five hundred tons of oil worth fifteen thousand dollars in an effort to subdue the merciless sea. But on Saturday Dec. 29 Carlsen felt the responsibility of passengers and crew was getting too much and he was compelled to give the most distasteful order that ever comes to a master's lips. Abandon Ship!

Lifeboats from the Southland and General Greely came alongside in take the Flying Enterprise's passengers and crew from ropes ladders. But they roared and plummeted so dizzily it was impossible to get nearer than twenty feet without being smashed to splinters. Carlsen decided everybody must jump into the sea wearing a life belt and then get picked up by the boats. He and his crew members were in favour of the passengers. The first passenger to jump was fifty year old Mrs. Elsa Muller. The others hesitated. It was two hours before they could be persuaded to take the plunge.

Carlsen watched the successful rescue operations then signaled to the General Greely. "I am staying with the ship until I am towed or sink." The story had ended only a few paragraphs in the world's Press until this moment. So many ships were in distress at the time that rescue and salvage operations were commonplace. Now Carlsen's decision blazed into headlines. He radioed later. "I consider it my duty to look after the interests of my company and of insurance companies. With a little luck it will be possible to get the ship into port." He knew that as long as someone remained aboard there was a better chance of fixing a towline. He knew that an abandoned ship could be claimed as a derelict by a salvage company which if it saved her would be entitled to a very fat share of the cargo. Further he knew that a captain has a certain time getting another ship if one he quits remains afloat.

He was staking his life against his career. Millions were touched by this gallant and simple concept of the seafaring tradition. And not the least of them was Kenneth Dancy listening to the radio bulletins in Hook Green.

On Monday New Year's Eve the U.S. destroyer John W. Weeks was standing by. She was sending out reports on Carlsen's vigil. They were terse naval messages but in their economy of words was much talking picture of a man clinging by day to the dipping deck of his ship like a fly to a wall and by night standing watch in the pitch dark tepee-like navy radio cabin which might at any moment be rolled into the sea and drawn him like a lettuce in a box.

All 70 million parties all over Britain the talk was only of Carlsen. That same festive night the telephone rang in the Dancy home. It was a director of Hurlifer Bros. Kenneth Dancy was to leave at once for Falmouth and join the Tarmouth. Tarmouth's regular mate had been called ashore to give evidence before an Admiralty enquiry. The tug had just come in from seven days at sea towing another damaged ship. She was refueling on New Year's Day then putting out on Jan. 2 to the Flying Enterprise. Dancy packed his bag and caught the Cornish Express. New



No wonder sparkling drinks are becoming so increasingly popular among smart folk! For no drink in comes a better drink when you add the mixer that accents natural flavor. —Canada Dry *Sparkling* Water. And, what's most important, no matter *where* you serve, you know you'll get *natural* flavor when you mix with pure Canada Dry Sparkling Water.

CANADA DRY
Sparkling
WATER

The Important 4/5 of Your Drink

Makes drinks taste better!

SW-41

Modern Household Encyclopedia

A must for every home. It will save countless hours of precious time—and many dollars in the helpful advice it gives. In its 300 pages and with over 200 pictures it covers—

How to Make Moving Easy — How to Select and Match Paint Colors — Removing Paint and Paint Spots — Tips on Inside Painting — Selection and Care of House Plants — How to Build Pork Chops — 23 Hints on Jelly Making — 7 Ways to Limp Asparagus — How to Broil, Braise, Fry, Roast, Stew, Boil or Tenderize — Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Ham, Fish, Chicken, Turkey, Goose or Game.

These are but a few of the thousands of subjects covered in this one priceless book.

Only $3.95 Postpaid

DEPT. M.H.E.I.

HOME BOOK SERVICE, 210 Dundas Street West, Toronto 2, Ontario

SEND FOR YOUR *FREE* COPY TODAY!

STAR PERFORMERS FOR YOUR 1952 GARDEN

LUCKY GIANT — Tomato size. Ground Cherry — MEXICAN, New Hybrid. Tomato sweetest ever developed — PARTRIDGE, outstanding new early tomato from Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa — SUPERCROP Cucumber, prolific — MIDGET VEGETABLES — a new garden hobby. Grow miniature vegetables — HYBRID VEGETABLES — New VERTICROP ASPARAGUS — LUCKY PRINCE, new extra early Hybrid Tomato — PACIFIC, sweetest of all sugar beets — ELEANOR RUTH, lovely seed — LITTLE GEM WATERMELON — DWARF FRUITS — MULTIFIL APPLE — MULTI FORM ROSE — the living fence — TIPP ROSE — XMAS ROSE — Plant these GIFT PLANT — AMARYLLIS — AMAZON LILY — CASCADE MUMS — ASTER DOUBLE VIOLET — A dozen other flowers, bulbs, plants and flowering bulbs — NEW GAILLARDIA FLOWERS — Many NEW GLADS — Set on all other lines of fruits and ornamentals now in hundreds and hundreds of old favorites as well as seeds, bulbs, plants, fruits, etc. devoted to the pleasure of Canadian Gardeners. Send for New Tree Seed and Nursery Book today. See them all in NEWLY HALF-SIZE FORM (pictures are each 1/2 the purchase). 148 pages—Valuable help and information.



DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.



The Hour Before Storm

The smallest bushes gossiped first,
Foretelling dolefully the worst.
Bustling their timid lengths together
They hissed and sighed about the weather.
Whirling their crooked arms about
They whipped their dust leaves inside out.
Turning their backs on threat of rains
They showed the patterns of their veins.
The spruces spoke with reticence
Sombre from long experience,
For one must meet as do the oaths
The gusty fortunes of the gales.
Remembering all winds that blow
Will spend themselves at last and go
But little bushes being small,
Tossed up the biggest fuss of all.

—Martha Banning Thomas

Year's night he spent in a hotel at Falmouth knitting.

Next day Tyrrell one of the biggest and most grisly fogs in the world with a magnificent wartime record for retrieving inbred ships under fire set sail. His captain was Dan Parker a county sally chum of Lemaire along the Falmouth port fetch steam ashore. After being on the bridge with Dan Parker long only one night's sleep before casting off again Tyrrell went forth under the murdered salvage agreement. No cure no pay. If she failed to get the Flying Enterprise in she would lose thousands of dollars in fuel wages and wear and tear. If she saved Flying Enterprise she could hope for what the naval authorities around Iwenty-fifi percent of the total worth. The ship was valued at one and a half million dollars the cargo was valued at four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In all it was worth two million dollars. It was a gamble that netted Dan Parker down to the school bus in Boston.

At night fifteen Thursday Jan. 22nd Carlsen had been alone in the Flying Enterprise for six days. Tyrrell returned up. She ran in close and a line was thrown to Carlsen. From midnight until 8 a.m. on the fourth Carlsen tried to get a towline into the Enterprise.

The idea was that Carlsen should catch a rope and tie a light line. He would secure a huge round a bollard and then throw the free end back to Tyrrell. This would then go aboard Tarnsiff's steam capstan and slowly a fine light thirk steel hawser would be pulled out to the Enterprise and back again. He almost succeeded. The hawser was wound around the Enterprise's bollard and back to the tug and was within two feet of its securing point when the line pulling it broke. It was a black moment.

"Few people" Danny told me "have any idea how difficult this operation is especially during heavy seas."

Carlsen was handicapped because there was no fixed object near the Enterprise's bollard to which he could secure himself and thus have both hands free to heave in and pay out line. The ship was lasting so crisply that everywhere he moved Carlsen had needed one hand to hang on. Otherwise he would have fallen into forecastles seas then thrashing against the lower end of the inclined deck as though against a cliff.

Danny's Dangerous Duty

Throughout Friday morning Carlsen tried to haul in another line. A great deal of slack had to be paid out to allow for the gigantic rollers heaving between the two ships. The line got soaked and became heavier and heavier. Panting and shivering as the bitter cold cut through his sopping clothes and struggling with one blue stiff hand to heave the wet rope in hand the bollard Carlsen became exhausted. Finally he had to crawl back to the radio cabin and rest.

In the Tyrrell Parker decided the only thing to do was get another man aboard the Flying Enterprise. There has been a lot of talk about Dancy stepping forward like some heroic volunteer on the movies. Dancy laughs at this.

According to British maritime custom the first officer in a ship has many specific duties. He always stands in the bow when the ship is entering or leaving port. It is his duty to see that cargo is properly lashed. He is always in command of lifeboat drill. When there are more boats than the skipper aft at sea the first officer is always in charge. In other words he represents the captain at distant and murky points when the captain cannot be himself owing to the necessity for remaining on the bridge.

When it was obvious that somebody must board the Flying Enterprise there was no discussion. Parker simply asked Dancy if he had any thing frankly. The last was caused as much by water in number three hold as it was by shifted pig iron. He took me to the radio cabin on the bridge which was farther clear of the water than any other sheltered place. He suggested I grin him in there to sleep. I didn't want to do it at first. I was nervous at being trapped if she rolled over suddenly. I wanted to stay out on deck all the time. He said I'd never be able to do it. In my wet clothes I'd die of exposure. It took me nearly two hours to summon courage to stay in that cabin all night.

"By this time however I'd got the feel of the ship under my feet and I agreed with Carlsen she was not likely to capsize without giving us enough warning to get out of the cabin."

During the first night they did not chat much. "Carlsen said he had found it was necessary to get as much rest as possible for the constant climbing around on all fours was very tiring. His hands were calloused because he'd done so much walking on the palms of them. We must conserve our strength" he said. "We never know when we'll need it."

At dawn on Saturday Jan. 5 Flying Enterprise had rolled over to seventy five degrees. Tyrrell Carlsen and Danny managed to get a towline secured. "It was a wonderful moment" said Danny. "It seemed to justify all I'd done in faith."

Tyrrell began towing Flying Enterprise inward Falmouth four hundred miles distant at three knots. In the next three days the two seafarers got a chance to know each other.

"I Am 'Sir' to Them"

"It could see" said Danny "that he was an outstanding man a sterling fellow. He'd had a tyrant. He knew how to look after himself. He was very proud of his table. He liked chintz covered furniture and chintz curtains in his quarters. At every port he bought fresh flowers and always kept plants blooming in his cabin."

Dancy asked Carlsen how he had stuck the solitude of the first six days. Carlsen replied "I am used to it. Captains must learn to conquer lunch nerves. If a captain is to retain authority and respect he must spend most of his life alone. Some officers have been with me for years. But they always call me 'Mister Matt' to me and I am 'Sir' to them."

Dancy's arrival was a boon to Carlsen. He had spent six days in wet clothes. The only dry clothes he could get at were in the crew's ship chest. The door to the ship chest was made of heavy steel and owing to the list was almost overhead. The only way to open it was to stand under it and muscle it up. Once upward pressure was relieved the law of gravity brought it clanging down again. So it was impossible for one man, single-handed, to get through. Danny now muscled open the door while Carlsen climbed through the gap and threw out dry clothes for both of them.

"We had to rest for quite a long time after that job" said Danny.

They were in complete darkness every night lying on mattresses wedged in the V formed by deck and bulkhead. Coffee and food were passed to them by light line shot from the U.S. destroyer John W. Weeks and letty by the Willard Keith which relieved her. A shell case was used as container. It was a delicate operation which could be managed only once a day. They saved some coffee for later meals and heated it on a candle. They had only two candles and as soon as the coffee was warm they blew them out to conserve them.

"We had no fresh water" said Danny "but plenty of everything else. The captain had been able to get at beer wine and whisky. They kept us from going thirsty but we had to be careful. Those drinks were no place for a drunk. Once Carlsen tried to shave in beer. It made a wonderful lather but it was too light and I asked him to take it away before he could get his razor to it."

Their best food reserve was a huge pound cake which had been baked by the ship's cook for Christmas. It was made of a pound of flour a pound of lard, a pound of fruit and a pound of other ingredients. It had gone stale and hard as a brick. Through the centre was a hole. For the first two days Carlsen had lived on this cake carrying it around with him and through it like a buoy.

"His determination to get the ship into port was wonderful" said Danny. "He could think of very little else. Occasionally we listened in to the short station news but I'm not thought often for we had to conserve batteries. However we realized there was a great fuss about us ashore. One night we heard the BBC station raise quite. Carlsen roared with laughter and said 'You're in it now. You can't get away from it. However we had no idea how big the fuss was."

It was a world scoop picture taken on Jan. 3 by Kemsley Newspapers photographer Stanley Devon from an RAF plane which sadly pinned editors earn back. When Devon flew home for Enterprise was listing they realized the immensity of Carlsen's courage. As soon as Devon's picture appeared in the Daily Graphic in the 4 Falmouth a combined seaside resort and ship repairing depot was alive with newsmen. Hotels leased for the winter were reopened. The aged headwaiter at the Falmouth Hotel was run off his feet summoning reporters to answer calls from N.W. York Paris Stockholm and Rio.

News scouts, newspapermen and radio commissars competed for the unpaid right of going out to meet the Tyrrell and Enterprise as they neared shore. To all very behind the newsmen came the publicity promoters armed with blank cheques for securing exclusive rights to manage Carlsen and Danny in the exploitation of their repatriation. Philip Hindle Briscell of London interpreter wanted for Carlsen with a herd offer of fairly thousand pounds or a hundred and twenty thousand dollars —for rights to a film to be produced by Orson Welles. There was skirmishing all day long as reporters tried to "tie up" central figures in the story and get all those who'd been "tied up" by rivals.

Most experts predicted the Enterprise would be hauled into Falmouth Wednesday Jan. 9.

But on Tuesday the eighth another storm blew up. During the night the towline parted. Carlsen and Danny were asleep in the radio cabin. Tyrrell drew alongside and aroused them with a blast from his siren. When he saw what had happened Carlsen, according to Danny "looked as though he'd been slapped across the face." From Tyrrell came patient Dan Parker's signal "I'll first you don't succeed try try again."

Throughout Wednesday Carlsen and Danny toiled to get another towline fixed. But now the Enterprise was so far over that her third of her deck was continuously awash. The bridgeheads of the four water tight holds began to break down. Plunging in the high seas like a hull submerged log the ship began to settle fast.

The Captain Liked the Copter

As Danny and Carlsen reunited on the stern heaving on a line a wave broke over them. Carlsen was swept across the deck and saved himself only by grabbing a rail. Danny said. He wasn't scared. He was furiously angry. The soaking meant another trip in the ship chest for dry clothes and now every journey across the ship sapped their strength.

On the morning of Thursday the tenth Willard Keith and Tyrrell urged Carlsen to abandon the ship. The Royal Navy signaled they were sending out a helicopter to take them off. Carlsen replied. "It's mighty nice of the British Navy but I am not abandoning ship."

Danny said he had now lost hope. He did not mention this to Carlsen who was in command. Soon after midday Carlsen too began to get gloomy. At two fifteen Carlsen signaled to Tyrrell. "Things aren't so hot here now. She's taking a lot of water." Parker replied "I agree. Your hatches are awash and may give way any time. Will you jump over the stern or wait for the helicopter?" Carlsen said he would wait for the helicopter.

Tim shook Danny who didn't like the idea of the helicopter at all. He hinted to Carlsen that it would be better to jump over and get picked up. But Carlsen said they would leave by helicopter. And Danny said "Very good."

It Was a Piece of Cake

At 3:06 p.m. the Willard Keith got a signal from the Royal Navy. "The helicopter has turned back. Bad weather has beaten them." Willard Keith signaled to Tyrrell. "It up to us to get those two off mighty quick." Two minutes later Tyrrell replied urgently to Willard Keith. "The Flying Enterprise is going down. Will Keith replied. "Standing by. Standing by."

Danny told me "We were not excited. It is quite easy to jump overboard from a sinking ship if you choose the right place. We looked around a bit and decided the best way to get off was by the funnel. It was lying almost flat along the water like a little pier but not quite low enough to be taking water down the funnel. If we went out along there we would not be in the water by deck cargo and tackle which was riding into the sea. Also the ship was drifting away at about two knots from the direction in which the Tyrrell was pointing. Once we were off we knew the ship would move away from us instead of bearing down on top of us. So we just walked out and jumped. We held hands as the Tyrrell would have only one pickup point instead of two. We wore our yellow life jackets. We struck out with our free hands to get out of turmoil. Tyrrell came up to us and threw a rope and hauled us in. We were only in the water for a couple minutes. That was nothing to it. It was a piece of cake."

Carlsen stood on the deck and watched his ship go down only fifty three miles from safety. She plunged stern first into forty fathoms at which depth salvage was out of the question. "It's done my heart no good" said Tyrrell "but he helped." Then Danny and Carlsen went to bed.

The Times said of Danny and Carlsen. "They have been true to the traditions of their meritorious profession. A banner line to the Sixes Chronicle cried simply. Hush! They're Asleep."

The heroes landed in Falmouth on Saturday Jan. 12 and paraded through the streets with a rousing reception committee. Carlsen was presented with an illuminated address framed in a big bouquet of flowers. He is married to an Falmouth. At a press conference they told their story freely and publish to their hundred newspapermen but turned their backs on officers for exclusive rights.

Said Danny "If I had taken all that money just for doing my job I'd never have been able to look another seaman in the face. What'd you think I was? Errol Flynn? To the impertinent publicity man Carlsen said "Please no. I am a seaman captain!"

Thumbs up in Knightsbridge

The following Tuesday I saw Carlsen at the Danish Club in Knightsbridge when he was invested with the Order of Dannebrog by the British Ambassador in Britain Count Edmund Revent low. With appropriate respect that great splendid man chatted with Prince and Princess George of Denmark then excused himself to silence the cameras outside who were chanting. "We want Carlsen! We want Carlsen." He went to the window and gave them a thumbs up. Then he gave them a victory V sign. The roaring multiplied as windows Carlsen then returned to the Princess with the air of a man who has just satisfied the children and went on chatting.

The next day I went down to Hook Green to see Danny survive home. He couldn't come to me because he was unable to leave Tyrrell until relieved by her regular master. When he had finished giving me much of his story in his mother's little sitting room I accompanied him with his parents and three brothers up to the Elephant's Head Inn where seventy two year old Frank Pierce the landlord was setting up free drinks all around for the villagers.

Danny posed with good humor for more pictures while seventy odd villagers raised their glasses of mild and bitter and sang for Hero's Jolly Good Fellow.

"You oughter write something out of it Kris" said one barmaid.

Danny laughed and shook his head. Quite clearly he was anxious to get back to his gramophone and his collection of five hundred classical records and to a woolen sweater he wanted to finish in time for his next voyage.

Is there really nothing you would like? asked a farm girl looking up at him with big eyes.

Danny thought for a long time. Then he said. "Yes I'd like to meet Sir John Barbirolli."

Coo! ejaculated.

The conductor of the Hallé Orchestra in Manchester.

I am glad to report that a meeting has been arranged. ★

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

For Canadian writers and Canadians who are interested in writing.

SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE — On sale March 12

Welcomed into the Home



MAGAZINES ARE WELCOMED into the home and when they arrive it is for a long visit because people keep them and read them often.

Magazine reading is seldom hurried or casual. When a person reads a magazine it becomes his or her constant centre of attraction. Thousands of people have almost literally lived by magazines in the care of their homes and children and feeding of their families.

Consequently magazines give the advertiser time to sit down and talk and demonstrate to his prospects—extending his time with them to however long he can interest them—and with a chance to sell time and time again.

More than 50 million copies of Canadian magazines are bought every year.

The Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada
21 BURDAS SQUARE, TORONTO 1, CANADA

OLDSMOBILE

presents the

super and classic rockets



Meet the most powerful "Rocket" Oldsmobile ever built! The all-new Ninety-Eight—a triumph of line-car design—a classic! The sensational new performer—Oldsmobile's Super "88" for 1952! Both bring you the new 160 horsepower "Rocket"! Both feature Oldsmobile's New Hydra-Matic Super Drive*—and an even smoother "Rocket Ride"! And, in the magnificent Ninety-Eight, Oldsmobile achieves a new high in line-car design! There's new GM Hydraulic Steering* A sweeping new "long look" outside! Custom Lounge" interiors—the finest you've ever seen! See them at your dealer's!

*Hydra-Matic Super Drive optional at extra cost on both series—GM Hydraulic Steering optional at extra cost on Ninety-Eight series

A General Motors Value

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE MARCH 1 1952



Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current scene. No contributions returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

THREE Toronto boys in a 1928 jalopy were accused by a motorcycle policeman of breaking the speed limit. "This car can't go that fast," said the driver. "Try it yourself."

The cop climbed in, drove three miles, admitted he was mistaken and got out. The boys promptly drove off, leaving the policeman wondering how to get back to his motorcycle.

• • •

The owner of a restaurant in Lachute, Que., successfully protested a bylaw which allowed only fifteen minutes parking time outside his café. Nobody, he said, could eat one



of his de luxe meals in less than an hour. Parking time was exteeded to sixty minutes.

• • •

At two o'clock in the morning a Winnipeg man woke his wife and complained of a severe pain in his back. She hastily dressed and drove him to the hospital but by the time they arrived his pain had disappeared. Instead it was his wife who had to be admitted. In less than an hour she gave birth to a girl.

• • •

A contestant on a New York quiz program was asked: Of what country is Nova Scotia a province? After some hesitation he replied: "England." The master of ceremonies was doubtful, thought it over, decided: "We'll accept that answer."

• • •

A Saskatoon farmer has been ruefully riding the bus lately. He was caught in a blizzard on a deserted lane out in the back country, miles from any farm or village. Anxious to get home before he was snowbound he speeded up, swung around a bend in the road and collided head on with the only other motorist in the entire district.

• • •

A Toronto driver picked up a hitchhiker during that city's street car strike. "Where are you heading for?" he asked.

"Nowhere in particular," replied his passenger. "I'm from the west and I haven't seen Toronto yet so I'm just riding around!"

A young man waiting to give evidence in the magistrate's court at Stratford, Ont., struck up acquaintance with the pretty girl who shared the witnesses' bench with him. Anxious to make a good impression, he bought a long term subscription to a publication she was representing. Then they were called to give evidence. The girl was a daughter of the accused. The man was the crown's star witness whose testimony helped register a conviction. All he got after the session was a stony stare and his receipt.

• • •

It was 2:30 a.m. at a big roaring party in a Regina wartime house when two guests began a mock duel with carving knife and fork. The man with the knife was horrified when his weapon slipped and he pinked his opponent. The house had no telephone and he was told to call a doctor from the nearest house with a light on. He rushed out and soon lost his bearings as he ran up and down rows of duplicate houses. Finally reaching a lighted house he flung open the door, shouted: "Quick, phone a doctor," and found himself back at the party.

• • •

Sign on the outskirts of Biggar, Sask.:

This isn't New York
but it is BIGGAR

When a Toronto corporation decided to grant a mortgage on a building in another Ontario city the president volunteered to deliver the contract personally. An informal man, he shoved overnight gear into his brief case with the mortgage and took the evening plane to his destination. At one of the largest hotels a desk clerk glanced at his wrinkled overcoat and lack of luggage and scanned him up as a doubtful prospect. "Have you got any identification?" he asked haughtily.

"I thought I had," said the president, "but it's not worth much now. It's the mortgage on your building."

• • •

A western Ontario farmer, whose home had just been switched from twenty-five to sixty cycle hydro power, went to see the guitar in a nearby town. He remarked: "I was converted yesterday."

His waiter replied tartly: "Don't be silly, Walter. You know you've been a good Presbyterian all your life."

• • •

A clerk in a Hamilton, Ont., store, began making out a customer's bill. "Mrs.—" She hesitated for the name.

"No Miss," replied the customer. "I'm so sorry," murmured the salesgirl in confusion.

"Not half as sorry as I am," returned the spinster.

A young wife in Victoria, B.C., always heads her letters to her husband on service in Korea with the names of the street corner their house is on: Fairhill and Rowe.

• • •

Two University of Toronto students hiking in Scotland were drenched in a sudden rainstorm. The young man dashed to a railway station and climbed aboard a half-empty train. When the train stopped



they hung the outer layers of their soaked clothing out the compartment window to dry. At the next stop a hurly engineer promptly uncoupled, snatched the billowing garments and left without a word. At the next stop again he returned with a coat in each hand and said: "Here's your jackets, your trousers are still drying in the engine cab."

• • •

When a red-haired exchange clerk in a Toronto department store accidentally gave a customer a scarlet refund for a scarlet hat that had been bought at a rival store across the street, her boss told her she'd have to pay for it herself. She was broke. She borrowed a fur coat from another clerk, assumed her haughtiest expression, marched across to the other department store and demanded a refund for the hat. "It didn't suit me." They glanced from the red head to the red hat and paid up.

• • •

On the train from Vancouver to Calgary a noisy drunk was making a nuisance of himself. "Why don't you put him off at Kamloops?" someone asked the conductor.

"Oh, we get that character every night," he answered.

"You mean he just rides back and forth?"

"No," said the conductor. "He's always the same character, but a different face."

JASPER **By Simpkins**

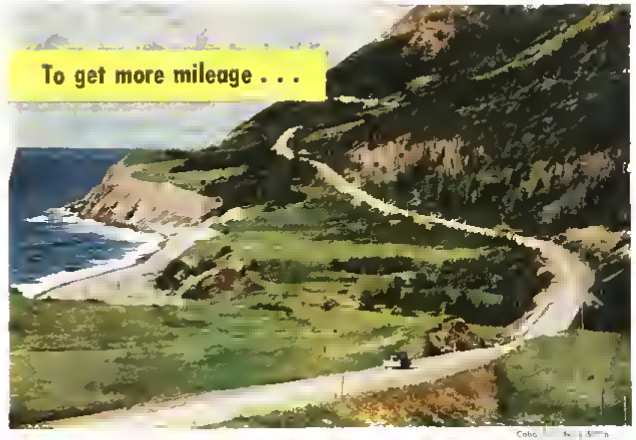




To get to some [illegible] Manitoba you'll travel highways [illegible] comfortable ride [illegible] Super-Cushions. They have the extra [illegible] that soaks up the bumps!



Whether [illegible] Cabot Trail—and no *any* highway anywhere—it's great to know your tires will deliver plenty of trouble-free mileage. Goodyear Tires are built stronger, thicker and flatter [illegible] and give [illegible] Super-Cushion [illegible] Goodyear Dealer.



Mile after mile along Nova Scotia's [illegible] Cabot Trail—and no *any* highway anywhere—it's great to know your tires will deliver plenty of trouble-free mileage. Goodyear Tires are built stronger, thicker and flatter [illegible] and give [illegible] Super-Cushion [illegible] Goodyear Dealer.



DeLuxe Super-Cushion
(Ask your Goodyear Dealer about the low priced Marathon Super-Cushion)

The safest tire [illegible] Goodyear Dealer [illegible]

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Super-Cushion by GOODYEAR



Why Irish Linen is Unequalled as a fabric

The story of Irish Linen is the story of the magical flax fibre. It is the qualities of this natural fibre that have enabled man to produce a fabric unequalled for sheer, lasting beauty.



Irish Linen will outlast any other fabric because the flax fibres are individually almost twice as strong as any other fibre.



Irish Linen is highly absorbent because the flax fibre is hollow like a drinking straw and a natural reservoir for quantities of water.



Irish Linen is free from lint because the flax fibre is smooth and long and leaves no short ends to break off into lint when it is woven.



Irish Linen is completely washable because the flax fibre is 20% stronger when wet. In fact Irish Linen becomes more lustrous when washed

LIVE IN LUXURY WITH THE ECONOMY OF

Irish Linen



THE IRISH LINEN GUILD

137 WELLINGTON ST. W., TORONTO, CANADA